MAY 30
1944

NEW MASSES

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WATCH WISCONSIN

by Bruce Minton

HITLER'S ORDERLIES ON TRIAL

by Virginia Gardner

A NEW LATIN AMERICA

by William P. Witherow

THE FUTURE OF EAST PRUSSIA

by An East Prussian

STRANGE FRUIT: A SOUTHERN TRAGEDY

Reviewed by Myra Page

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Focus on the AFL, *by J. K. Morton;* Talk with the English Communists, *by Peter Offord;* Memo before D-Day, *by Colonel T.;* Songs of Tito's Partisans, *by A. L. Lloyd.*

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MAILBAG

Here are a few letters, selected at random, some of them addressed to New Masses, some to John L. Spivak in response to his recent letter to NM readers:

John Spivak's letter asking for donations to help New Masses take care of its deficit was a masterpiece. A simple, sincere, and direct appeal which I felt must be heeded. Hence the enclosed check ($10). Continue your fine work and I am sure thousands more will rally to your support. Most important, don't fail to send my copies of New Masses regularly.

Chicago **L.L.C.**

Please apply the enclosed postal order for fifteen dollars to your budget fund. I have depended on New Masses for interpretation of current problems for several years past, and I look forward to reading it for many years in the future.

Somewhere in Italy. **SERGEANT HUGH M.**

As two worried subscribers who, realizing the importance of NM, are anxious to see your drive for funds successful, my friend and I decided to make a second contribution. At a party given at my friend's home we were able to collect $7.50 which I am pleased to enclose. People who are aware of the importance of today's events have no hesitancy in contributing to your excellent magazine.

Philadelphia. **ELAINE R.S.**

Sorry that I could not send more and sooner. Good luck. I hope that you make it. As a matter of fact, we must make it. The series by Spivak was excellent. I think that I will be able to raise some money and send it to you shortly because of the fine impression this series made on some of my friends.

San Francisco. **J.A.**

It's letters like these that make us realize that New Masses is something more than a magazine: it's part of a great imperishable cause, and it must survive and be strong to make its contribution to victory over fascism, and the shaping of a democratic lasting peace. In our drive for $40,000 we're not yet out of the woods. The past week's contributions brought the total to about $22,286. We're counting on you to help us win this fight.

THE EDITORS.

NEW MASSES
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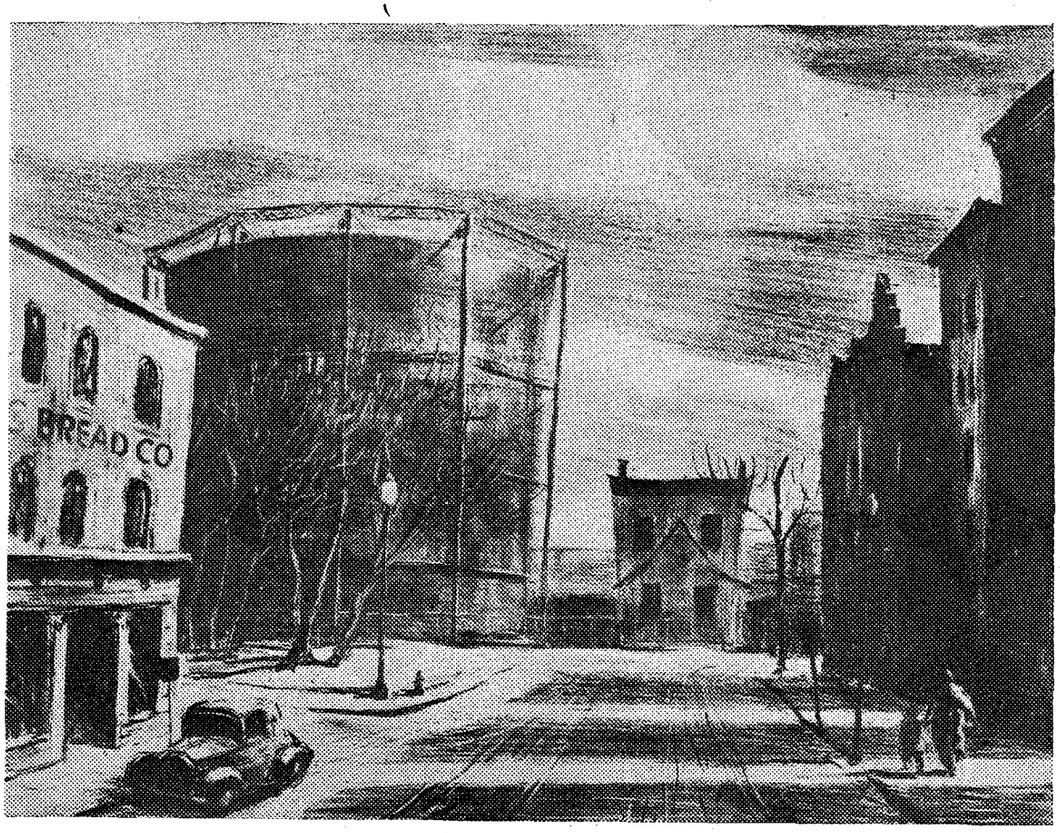

WATCH WISCONSIN

By BRUCE MINTON

Milwaukee.

For the most part the citizens of Wisconsin were far less impressed by Wendell Willkie's defeat in the recent primaries than were people elsewhere. In this state the voters took the result as a matter of course—Willkie, they point out, had no chance from the beginning, and all the build-up didn't change this central fact. Everyone I spoke to laughed at the tendency to discover far-reaching "implications" that Wisconsin and the Middle West are "isolationist," or that President Roosevelt is a dead duck, as the Chicago *Tribune* puts it so delicately. But the comment that really riled most people in these parts, including Republican wheelhorses, was Colonel McCormick's modest claim that Willkie's defeat constituted "an indorsement of the Chicago *Tribune*," and a "repudiation of the policies of many of the Wisconsin newspapers." In fact, the application by the Chicago *Tribune* to the War Production Board for newsprint with which to start a morning newspaper in Milwaukee was greeted with a stupendous lack of gratitude by all political spokesmen (except for a handful of America Firsters), and by the masses generally. It can be definitely reported that Bertie McCormick's condescending offer to bless Wisconsin with his particular brand of journalistic venality and defeatism inspired an amount of popular enthusiasm equal to the joy that would accompany the spectacle of the Colonel himself hoisting the Japanese flag over the state house at Madison.

There is, in fact, a tendency in Wisconsin circles not devoted to the Chicago colonel to boast a little about the primaries. For despite the pleas of such papers as the conservative but sincerely pro-war Milwaukee *Journal*, and the quite consistently liberal *Capital Times* to all progressives to rush into the Republican primary to assure Willkie's victory, the bulk of the labor and progressive voters supported the pro-Roosevelt slate of delegates offered by the Democrats. The reasoning was fairly simple: Willkie was bucking the state Republican machine; he did not have the good will of a single important official in the party apparatus—and therefore, viewed realistically, he was pretty much beaten from the start. To have built his minority vote at the expense of those Democratic delegates who supported the President (though Roosevelt was not officially entered in the primary), would have given the Republicans the opportunity later in the campaign to point to the small Democratic turn-out and yell their heads off about a "repudiation" of Roosevelt.

As it turned out, the conscious win-the-war vote refused to be beguiled by Willkie's tilt with his party's bosses. The labor movement—with the usual defection of a few satellites of William Hutcheson, czar of the AFL Carpenters' Union—warned its membership not to weaken the Roosevelt camp by participating in the Republican primary. The liberals were split—and there are many liberals in Wisconsin, politically quite scattered, with some loyal to the Progressive Party dominated by Philip and Robert LaFollette, and some calling themselves Socialists, though the leaders of this sect are usually partial to Norman Thomas' jejune appeasement.

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Some liberals followed labor, a good many went into the Republican primaries to give Willkie a push, and still others relapsed into anguished indecision.

WISCONSIN is politically a unique state. It is the state of old Bob LaFollette's insurgency, of populism and anti-imperialism, and of the Progressive Party which came into being as a protest against big-business domination of the Republican Party and as a popular revolt against Republican reaction. The Progressive Party is a comparative newcomer to the political stage, created by the two LaFollette brothers in 1934 when the sons of old Bob supported the New Deal and Franklin D. Roosevelt. But essentially, the formation of the Progressive Party only acknowledged the split with the hidebound Republicans which had existed in Wisconsin ever since the last war. It was the Wisconsin delegation to the 1920 Republican convention that held out against the nomination of Harding and dared buck the arrogant Old Guard machine of Lodge, Penrose, Brandegee, and Smoot.

Old Bob's sons trade on their father's reputation, his erratic liberalism, his stubborn opposition to the looters of the public domain. This tradition of independence in politics still continues in Wisconsin—a refusal of the voters to stay "regular," a willingness to ignore party labels and to vote on the issues. True, each party can point to a nucleus of steadfast supporters, but this group is invariably a minority, and the struggle for the independent voter is waged on the central question emerging in a particular campaign.

In consequence, elections are won in Wisconsin by that political group able to build the strongest and broadest coalition among the electorate. In a two-way battle —as in the coming presidential contest where the choice must be made between a reactionary Republican and the forward-looking leadership of President Roosevelt —each side will seek to unite the largest section of the Republican, Democratic, and Progressive electorate behind its candidate. There are those who still pretend that because the total Republican vote in the recent primary surpassed the number of Democratic votes, a Dewey or a Bricker or some other Republican can safely count on Wisconsin in the fall. There is, however, one misleading premise in this mechanical prophecy—it disregards Wisconsin experience and places undue confidence in the hold exercised by the machine on the voters. Never in the past have party labels by themselves been sufficient to enable any political group to walk away with an important Wisconsin election.

Wisconsin has been called "isolationist." But look at the record. The state supported Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936 and in 1940. More significant, in 1942, during the so-called "trend" toward reaction, Wisconsin voters retired two of the worst defeatists in Congress—Lewis D. Thill and Joshua Johns—and replaced them with two supporters of the administration who have made excellent records: Howard McMurray and LaVern Dilweg. That same year, Wisconsin turned down two other appeasers who had formerly held congressional office—John Schafer and Charles Hawks, Jr. Wisconsin repudiated reactionary Governor Heil, and elected in his place the Progressive Party's Orland Loomis, who unfortunately died before he could take office. Such a record is hardly "isolationist," despite the presence in Congress of Wisconsin's witch-hunter, Frank Keefe, of such reactionaries as Reid Murray, Lawrence Smith, and William Stevenson, and of such off-again-on-again "liberals," who never miss a chance to Red-bait, as Thad Wasielewski and Alvin O'Konski; and of course, despite the senior Senator, Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., reelected in a different period and only recently revealing himself as the alter ego of his pro-fascist brother Phil.

THE LaFollette boys are worth a moment's consideration. The sons had always capitalized on their father's reputation, but neither of the younger LaFollettes could forego the temptation of opportunism. For a time, they carried on after their fashion in the tradition of their liberal father. They allied themselves with Franklin D. Roosevelt—because good politics pays off. They boasted a sort of independence politically, a virtue they inflated beyond its true merit. They founded the Progressive Party, breaking with the Republican diehards and aligning themselves more or less with the Roosevelt Democrats. They continued in this position until the secretive and ambitious Phil in 1938 abruptly announced the formation of his National Progressives of America, copied after Hitler down to the substitute swastika and the spotlighted rostrum from which Phil, the would-be fuehrer, made stern faces into the cameras. This demagogy had a voter appeal about equal to that of the bubonic plague; the National Progressives got nowhere except to reveal Phil for what he is and to defeat him for reelection as governor. But Bob wisely kept his mouth shut and carefully nursed his liberal Senate record on domestic affairs. However, by opposing the war against fascism he soon found himself in the company of the Nyes and Wheelers. And young Bob joined with them in opposing the Connolly resolution for postwar collaboration.

The LaFollettes consider themselves mighty cagey. Their weekly publication, the *Progressive*, is ostensibly "run" by an editor selected by the family, but completely "independent." The fact is Phil and Bob own the *Progressive*. Phil's bright little wife writes a column for it, all about how to lose the war. Bob frequently attacks the administration in its columns, in a liberal, high-minded manner. The carefully selected editor each week presents the LaFollettes with a mimic Chicago *Tribune*, not dissimilar to friend John L. Lewis' *United Mine Workers' Journal*, which frequently quotes young Bob. The *Progressive* fishes its contributors out of the intellectual sewer of the *New Leader*, the *Socialist Call*, and the *American Mercury*, and comes up with William Henry Chamberlin, Norman Thomas, Milton Mayer, and Eugene Lyons.

I quote from a recent issue of the *Progressive:* "It is easier to fight . . . against a forthright enemy than against a false friend." The conclusion is that it is preferable to have a "hide-bound moss-back in the White House" than Franklin D. Roosevelt. But what's the use? To save space, I recommend a careful survey of the most violent editorials in the New York *Daily News*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, and Chicago *Tribune* to give the tone and intellectual level of the LaFollettes' adventure into journalism.

Then, too, remember Philip LaFollette's letter last fall to "dear Colonel McCormick." Phil wrote to Bertie, "I wish I were there to give you a commendation for the fight you are putting up . . . the way you have stood up, taken it on the chin, and kept coming back to give 'em some more during the last year is grand. Perhaps some day some of us over here [the letter was written from General MacArthur's headquarters in the South Pacific] can put our oar in back home, and lend a helping hand."

There is no need to comment. As Phil's former friend William Evjue, editor of the *Capital Times*, former editor of the *Progressive*, and a supporter of the Progressive Party, remarked, "Phil has completed the circle."

Phil is now in the South Seas, acting as General MacArthur's public-relations officer. MacArthur promoted Phil to the rank of lieutenant-colonel immediately on the former governor's arrival. Phil hinted his intention of heading the list of Wisconsin delegates to the Republican national convention pledged to MacArthur. The War Department intervened and stopped Phil from combining Army publicity with open political finagling. At the time Phil was playing with the idea of fronting for MacArthur, the conservative Milwaukee *Journal* editorialized: "It's tough on General MacArthur, but he can stop it if he wants." Phil, the publicity man, undoubtedly had much to do with the boom for MacArthur, Wisconsin's "favorite son"—who was also boosted in the state by Lan-

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sing Hoyt, former chairman of America First, in which Phil was active, and by Phil's new-found friend, Colonel McCormick. The collapse of the MacArthur boom and the General's retirement from the race are undoubtedly a severe rebuff to Phil.

I VISITED Herbert L. Mount, the LaFollette man in Milwaukee who in the recent primary ran for mayor—and was badly beaten. Mr. Mount is handsome, slickly dressed, and is apt to talk too much. He told me that the LaFollettes—both of them—know they are being persecuted by Jews and international bankers. It turns out that some of Mr. Mount's best friends are Jews. He said that he—and the LaFollettes—could see no difference between Hitler and Stalin. He said that Bob had told him that the President was handing the government over to big business. He said that Americans are fighting this war for the British empire, and for Stalin's bloody dictatorship. He said that Hitler represented no danger. "Why didn't Roosevelt keep us out of this war?" cried Mr. Mount. "This is not our war if at the end of it our nation is sold out to Communistic fascism."

Mr. Mount is the LaFollettes' local man Friday. I went to Madison to speak to William Evjue, editor of the *Capital Times*. He did not want to talk about the LaFollettes. He knew most people recognized Phil as a fascist—and he himself helped to bring about this recognition. As for Bob, well, Mr. Evjue hadn't seen Bob for some time. But Bob followed Phil, for the most part. It would be hard to make a separation between the two brothers.

Finally, I asked labor leaders their opinion. The CIO has repudiated young Bob along with Phil, and wants no part of either brother, said state secretary Mel Heinritz. Peter Schoemann, state secretary of the AFL, remarked that labor could probably pick no quarrel with Bob's domestic voting record; but the main issue is the war, Mr. Schoemann emphasized, and Bob played with the isolationists and used his reputation as the "liberal" son of a great father to mislead the people into the camp of Wheeler and Nye, McCormick and Gerald L. K. Smith. Young Bob has sold out his heritage. Young Bob has nothing to offer labor. Young Bob has become the liberal front for the enemies of the nation.

Bob, so the rumor has it, will run as a Republican in 1946. He too completes the circle. But he and his brother are no longer names to conjure with in Wisconsin, though the erroneous impression lingers on outside the state that they are politically mighty. Phil could not be elected to any public office, say members of the Progressive Party, and both the Republicans and Democrats agree. As for Bob—the voters are rapidly catching up with him. The Progressive Party is still ruled from the top by the brothers. But its effectiveness as a party is rapidly dwindling. More and more, the membership drifts away, back to the two older parties. More and more, the LaFollettes seek to bolster their waning political power by dealing with the America First fringe of the Republicans, with the crackpots and treason-mongers and Nazi sympathizers, with the rabid Roosevelt haters. So low have the sons of the old crusader fallen.

BUT a new political force is growing in Wisconsin, gathering strength and unity and aggressiveness, putting its roots into the communities, broadening its political initiative. Since 1942, the United Labor Committee of Wisconsin has functioned significantly, but now as the 1944 elections approach, the ability of the AFL, CIO, and Railroad Brotherhoods to collaborate for a common end augments daily. There is no doubt that labor—all branches of the union movement with few exceptions—will support President Roosevelt's reelection. More, labor is concentrating its political action in the precincts and wards, in the neighborhoods, among the farmers. CIO community centers are appearing throughout Milwaukee, with emphasis placed on pending legislation, with forums to arouse public interest and bring the issues to the people for discussion, with careful attention to registering the voters. The Railroad Brotherhoods have set up legislative councils in Milwaukee, and for the first time work jointly with other labor groups. The AFL plans to spread its neighborhood groups all over the state.

In Wausau, town hall meetings sponsored by the United Electrical Workers debate political questions. In Eau Claire, excellent joint political action is carried into the communities. In La Crosse, the United Automobile Workers has established community councils in cooperation with the railroad and brewery workers. In Racine, joint labor activity elected a win-the-war mayor and city council. In Madison, united labor activity is being organized. In Sheboygan, CIO groups work closely with the railroad workers, with farm and cooperative organizations. In Fond du Lac, a strong relationship exists between the CIO and Railroad Brotherhoods. In Oshkosh, the AFL and CIO carry on joint political action.

The United Labor Committee supported McMurray, Dilweg, and the disappointing Wasielewski in 1942—and assured their election by strengthening the unity of the rank-and-file, and by asserting labor's political initiative. This year, the committee endorsed the slate of delegates pledged to Roosevelt and assured their election to the national Democratic convention under the slogan "Roosevelt, Victory, and Peace." Labor throttled the last-minute attempt of anti-Roosevelt Democrats to split their forces. True, the Hutcheson dominated section of the AFL does its utmost to disrupt labor political unity. The Socialists—those who mouth Norman Thomas' pacifism, and who quite openly bleed for Hitler while playing ball with the America First racketeers—do their utmost to impede, to mislead, to destroy. But though they are a nuisance, they have not been able to stop the drive toward political unity that embraces far more than the labor movement. For all their disruption, the Socialists could not prevent the Madison conference of 360 delegates from the AFL, CIO, Railroad Brotherhoods, *and* the Wisconsin Farmers Union and the farm cooperatives, from going on record endorsing President Roosevelt's stabilization program. All attempts to delete the President's name were beaten back. And the conference, over Socialist opposition, appointed a twelve-man continuation committee to carry out the decisions and to give the conference a permanent character.

Wisconsin Republicans are in the hands of the Dewey henchmen, and among them can be found a sizable America First faction. The Democratic party is organizationally weak, though it was the first state party to go on record for a fourth term. But the political reality in Wisconsin is the alliance from below of forward thinking people. It is this alliance which labor and the win-the-war forces seek to crystallize. The amalgamation of Roosevelt Democrats, anti-fascist Progressives, and Willkie Republicans is made more attainable because of the traditional fluidity of party allegiance in the state.

Wisconsin win-the-war spokesmen expect to carry the state for Roosevelt and to make the issues so clear that the voters will elect a congressional delegation pledged to support the President and his program. "Without that," said Secretary Schoemann of the AFL, "we fail in our job. Without that, we are in danger of catastrophe. Which is the reason we stress that this coalition behind our war President is not narrowly restricted to labor, but seeks the alliance of labor with the small businessmen, the farmers, and all people of good will."

Wisconsin voters are conscious of the war and of their insurgent past. Wisconsin, too, is part of the great Middle West. The myth of Middle Western isolationism has been carefully cultivated, but the average people I have met in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and now in Wisconsin are far from isolationist. They want only to know the issues, to know what is at stake and what is best for their country. Watch Wisconsin in November.

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A NEW LATIN AMERICA

By WILLIAM P. WITHEROW

It has not been often that the views of a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers and those of NEW MASSES *coincide to the extent that we feel it important to offer them in our columns. Yet this is now the case and we regard it as a welcome sign of the times that on many crucial problems there is a unanimity of opinion which augurs well for their solution. Mr. Witherow is at present chairman of the NAM's executive committee and president of the Blaw-Knox Company of Pittsburgh. His speech on the need to industrialize Latin America, excerpts of which are published below, was made on May 6 before the Permanent Council of American Associations of Commerce and Production.*

Mr. Witherow's opinions are also in accord with those expressed at the Conference of Commissions of Inter-American Development recently concluded in New York. At this Conference were gathered industrialists from all the hemisphere, except Canada, although steps were taken to include that country in the future work of the Commissions. One of the speakers at the Conference was Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, and he too emphasized the need to strengthen the economies of areas now underdeveloped. Industrialization of the countries to the south, as well as those in Africa and Asia, will not only serve to fortify each nation and raise its standard of living, but also provide markets for increased exports from the United States and thereby help maintain and expand the level of wartime production in peacetime.—The Editors.

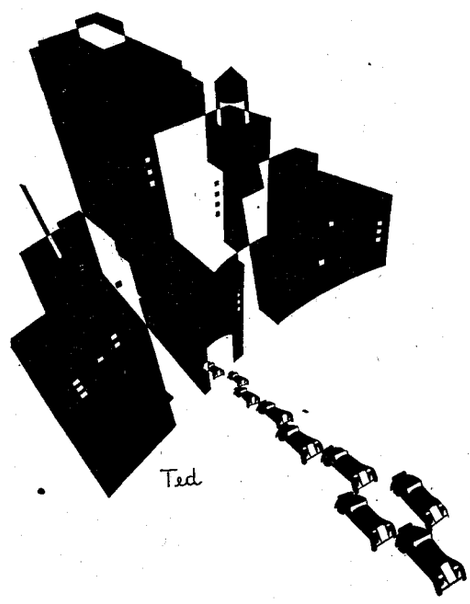
I DO NOT pretend to be an expert on Latin America, and I hope you will understand that what I have to say is simply my personal observation of the general features of the situation with which American businessmen should now become familiar. And I do this in full realization of the caution which must be observed in generalizing about Latin America, inasmuch as each of the twenty republics south of the Rio Grande is an individual, sovereign state with its own special problems of politics, sociology, religion, race, and culture—as well as economics.

As a beginning, I think I may now safely declare that there is a new Latin America in the making. The twenty republics are no longer content to remain feeders of raw materials to the great industrial regions of the world. It was in this capacity that they first came into the world industrial system. Although they were political sovereigns, they were used as economic colonies—with great agricultural, pastoral, mineral, and forest resources which were to be tapped for the countries more advanced in the scale of economic development. Latin America exported vast quantities of petroleum, coffee, meats, wool, sugar, copper; and, with the proceeds of these exports, they repaid their loans and bought the manufactured goods they used.

And so these republics remained dependent for generations on the conduct of the economy in other parts of the world over which they had no control. A war or a depression could cut them off from markets and from needed goods. Repeatedly they were thrown into mass unemployment and misery at home and default abroad.

Naturally the desire to shake off this colonial status grew with experience. Latin America is now shaking it off at an accelerating rate, by industrialization.

That was a solution to be expected from an intelligent and ambitious people. And it should be recognized as part of a world-wide movement toward the industrialization of areas producing raw materials. In this connection it is a pleasure to point out that the republics of Latin America have merited well of their more highly industrialized brothers-in-arms among the United Nations. For they have effectively shifted the pattern of their production and multiplied the movement of needed war materials such as metals, wool, hides, fibres . . . despite the shortage of shipping which at times threatened to become critical. They have given not only of their sweat but the blood of their merchant mariners at sea to do this.



At home, Latin America filled some of the gaps which the war tore in its overseas markets by expanding trade within the Latin American structure—with their neighboring republics. And that development is almost as significant as the industrialization of Latin America. Heretofore the Latin American economy was so preponderantly directed at overseas markets that its railroads ran only from the interior to the seaports, and its rivers and coastal shipping seemed adequate for the transportation job which they had to do.

Now, they are revising all that. And it is interesting to note that the war has put them in a capital position to do so. Their service of war supply has brought them in return a large reserve of gold and exchange, and it is in the hands of their own nationals. For that reason, the task of freeing the Latin American republics from the domination not only of foreign markets but also of foreign finance can be undertaken to a large extent on their own responsibility.

Instead of large establishments financed by foreign capital, as in the past, there is an increasing Latin American preference for smaller plants financed by domestic capital. And when they do invite foreign capital, there is a growing tendency to ask the foreign to take a minor rather than a major ownership. Latin Americans are taking charge of the economic future of Latin America, and that is what I meant when I said there is a new Latin America in the making south of the Rio Grande.

They know the task. Their history has shown them that the use of all their resources for the development of raw materials did not work out satisfactorily. The popular living scales throughout Latin America plainly prove that. It would be equally unwise, however, for American capital or any other foreign capital to push to their side uninvited, or to rush in without careful study. . . .

THERE are also Latin American policy factors in the fields of politics, sociology, military control, and differences of attitude toward government, religion, wealth, and foreigners which do not come within the normal experience of an American enterpriser. These factors can be identified and evaluated only by study on the spot, and not a study of a few days but of weeks or months, and even then with the most sincere and capable Latin American advice. The cost of labor may look inviting, but the foreign industrialist planning a new enterprise must carefully inform himself concerning the accumulation of far-reaching labor laws to which he must adjust

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himself in many of the Latin American republics. Where capital used to be entirely foreign and without a share in the government, the labor force was invariably local and was often politically sought after.

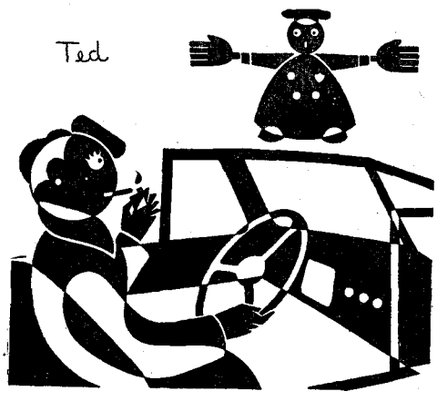
These various handicaps are slowly abating—but they *are* abating. In Mexico, for instance, labor leaders originally opposed the introduction of automatic machinery, but they lately abandoned that opposition. In Latin America, as in the United States, labor is learning from its experience that the source of employment is employers—and that the employers must have a fair incentive if they are to provide jobs and wages which will enable a man to buy things he had never been able to reach before.

In addition to these long-range domestic problems which Latin America will have to solve in its program of industrialization, there are the more immediate bottleneck problems of reconverting from a wartime economy. Latin America has been distorted into a multiplied production of the raw materials needed in the conduct of the war and will have a postwar surplus production of all its old troubles, as well as a continuing dependency on the reconstruction of an international currency system and of international markets. . . .

I fear there are still many businessmen in the United States who are alarmed by the prospect of industrial development in other countries—like those of Latin America—which have hitherto been almost completely primary sources. They are alarmed at the prospect of factories in these countries, factories which will make goods we are now producing. They regret the fact that we sell them machines which enable them to set up small factories.

There can be no greater fallacy than the belief that our export business is dependent on the economic retardation of other countries. The principal obstacle we have to the export business we might do in Latin America is the low purchasing power of the people. It can be taken for granted that everyone in Latin America who can afford one owns a motor car. If twice, or three times as many people could afford cars, twice or three times as many cars would be sold. That market is increasing, not through increase in raw material wealth, but through industrialization. The many small factories springing up in Latin America are creating a new class of people who can afford motor cars and radios and electric refrigerators.

Even when manufacturing establishments in undeveloped countries appear to offer direct competition with us, that competition is often more apparent than real. For example, there is now in Brazil the first steel mill to be erected south of the equator. It is financed jointly by the United States and Brazil. It will utilize the vast iron ores of Brazil. That is the ore on which Krupp and other German interests



have for generations cast an envious eye. Strange as it may appear, the successful operation of this mill is expected to increase rather than decrease the demand for American steel products. This mill will produce rails for the much needed extension of the railways of South America. But the very production of these rails will create a demand for locomotives, and cars, and wheels, and all of the varied hardware essential to operation of a railway.

The supply of steel sheets and rods by this Brazilian mill will make possible the establishment of hundreds if not thousands of small factories. Each one of these factories will need machine tools. Even the mill itself will require constant replacement of parts. These parts will naturally be supplied by North American manufacturers. It is the confident belief of those closely associated with this enterprise that operation of this mill will increase rather than decrease our export of iron and steel products to Brazil and neighboring South American countries.

That is only one part of the picture. Homes for the families of fifteen thousand workmen are being constructed near the mill site. These men, recruited from coffee and cotton plantations soon, for the first time in their lives, will be drawing wages in excess of bare living costs. Their wives will have money to spend for something beyond necessities. Our salesmen who, after the war, return to their work in South America, will find sales easier to make.

Most of the new industries of Latin America will, like the Brazilian steel mill, bring new wealth into the world by processing raw materials which have in the past been unused or neglected. For example, there have been a number of successful cotton mills established in Sao Paulo, the center of an important cotton growing area. If it were not for the mills, this cotton would be dumped on the world market in competition with that of our Southern cotton growers. Much of it was formerly bought by Japan to feed her textile mills.

No matter how large the volume becomes, it should not affect American industry greatly. Indeed, most of the sales are to what might be called a new class of customers, people who could not previously afford to buy manufactured articles. Instead of creating competition with us, the mills have created a new demand for products. Much of the machinery is from Canada and the United States. From the same sources come the bulk of the lubricating oils, the belting, the electric fans and motors, etc. One of the interesting small factories in Sao Paulo turns out thousands of dolls daily, using more than a hundred Canadian-made sewing machines. Most of the materials used in making the dolls are produced locally, but a Connecticut manufacturer provides the gadget which makes the doll say "Mama." History shows that when the people of any country find profitable jobs in factories their increased consumption creates a greater demand for goods—foreign and domestic. The best customers are not the predominantly raw material countries, but those which, like ourselves, have developed industries. . . .

Wealth and trade and employment are not created artificially or by fiat; they flow from production. The labor in Latin-American countries is very cheap indeed. But in terms of production it is very costly, because of lack of tools and technical skills. By tools, I do not mean shovels and plows and picks. I mean the kind of machines that double and triple and sometimes multiply a hundred-fold the work that can be done by one man's hands. By supplying our neighbors with the machines needed to process their products, and teaching them how to use them, we will enable them to give profitable employment to many thousands of their workmen and add millions of dollars to the price they get for their products.

When I speak as an American manufacturer, inviting the nationals of Latin America to get into manufacturing, I do so in the honest conviction that if the twenty republics to the south of us all develop their raw resources by industrialization, they will make themselves bigger and more powerful neighbors to trade with. . . .

In facing the new postwar world the opportunities and responsibilities of Canada and the United States and of Latin America are identical. We will not be competitors as much as we will be colleagues working together to solve the many mechanical, merchandising and financial problems. Perhaps there are no other neighbor nations in the world which can work together with such assurance of success.

My conclusion is quite simply this, and I think at this point in the economic history of the Western Hemisphere it should be unmistakable. We must all be a part of the expansion southward into Latin America of the same industrial development which has brought the United States and Canada to the high standards of living which we enjoy.

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VISIT TO LONDON

By PETER OFFORD

THE train to London was held up often to let freights roar by on the main line. British freight cars looked about the size of hand cars to me; but they seemed able to move war equipment—much of it American—very effectively. Most of the other passengers were British soldiers, and we went out to the diner for coffee and cookies to pass the time. The train slowed down at last. The soldiers began to get their equipment together. I could see nothing outside because of the blackout blinds, but when we stopped finally everybody piled out, so I assumed it must be London and piled out too.

It was London. In the station waiting room there were a few dim lights and soldiers with full equipment hurrying to and from trains. I walked out of the station looking for a hotel, as I might have done in an American city. It was a warm night with a slight drizzle falling through the most blank and impenetrable darkness I have ever stepped into. You could stand a foot and a half from a wall and not know whether there was a wall or an open street in front of you. Having no idea which way to move, or how I would recognize a hotel if I did happen to pass one, I groped my way back into the station, feeling so helpless and foolish that I put my grip down and began to laugh. A bobby asked me if I were looking for some place to stay and when I said I was, he told me I was the fiftieth that night. He gave me directions to reach a rooming house a block from the station, and I pressed out into the darkness again, falling over curbs and fire hydrants and doorsteps on the way. I made it at last—saw a tiny red sign in the darkness saying "Hotel," and banged on the door till an old gentleman in a bathrobe let me in. He had only one bed left, which he agreed to rent for what seemed like a considerable sum of money. Since I obviously had no bargaining power whatever, I accepted the terms offered, and followed him up endless flights of stairs to a little room under the roof. It was cold, damp, and provided with a chamber pot, a jug of water, and the atmosphere of a Dickens novel. My proprietor told me that if Jerry came over I could either stay put or step over to the station again where there was a shelter. I had no sooner climbed into bed than Jerry did come over, but it sounded not too serious—and when I finally got that bed warmed up, I didn't propose to get out of it again, Jerry or no Jerry.

In the morning I discovered why my room had cost so much. The proprietor expected me to have breakfast with him. In England beds apparently included breakfasts; and as I sat over my tea and sausage and toast, performing the difficult translation of shillings to dollars, I discovered that I had not paid as much as I would have had to shell out for similar accommodations in New York or Chicago.

That made me feel better and I set forth into London on a beautiful early spring morning. I got in touch by telephone with some friends in London, and spent the afternoon sightseeing under their guidance—the tower of London, Buckingham Palace and so on. The next day I dropped in at the *Daily Worker*, where they received me cordially and one of the staff members took me out for a talk and a cup of coffee. The first question he asked me was one I quickly got used to, because all the Communists I met in London asked me the same thing. Had I been in New York at the time of Earl Browder's report, and what were the factors back of the proposed changes for the American Communists? I found that British Communists regarded the proposals as constructive steps definitely along the same lines as their own policy. I agreed with the London *Worker* correspondent that Teheran meant the same for England as it did for America; and that it was the job of Communists to make every possible effort to consolidate win-the-war forces for victory over the enemy abroad, for smashing the defeatists and pro-fascists at home, and for building into reality the prospects of Teheran.

He told me that a week later some 1,500 delegates representing well over half a million British trade unionists would meet in a unity rally sponsored by the *Daily Worker*. I had to leave before the end of the week, but the success of the rally was already assured by that time, marking a sizable step in the cementing of English labor and progressive unity. The rally keynotes the work the English Party is doing.

I learned from this talk something about the current debates in Parliament. The government had opposed a measure to raise the school leaving age for English children to sixteen years. It had met solid resistance from progressive MPs, and even from a group of "Young Tories." In the end the government missed defeat by only thirty-five votes, which was something for the diehard tories in the Conservative majority to think about. At the same time the government was under attack because of delays and buck-passing over the vitally needed housing program. I learned more about that later.

THE *Daily Worker* correspondent went back to work, and I spent the rest of the morning walking through the devastated area around St. Paul's Cathedral. Block on block of apartments, small houses, and shops had been smashed and burned out. I understood now what the terrible nights of 1941 must have been like, when the water mains were blasted out of the streets, and all around the houses burned unchecked, one house taking fire from another, while the waves of Nazi bombers roared overhead and the incendiaries dropped into the furnace. But now the spring sunlight filtered over the cleared lots and piles of rubble, and in places were rock gardens bombed-out Londoners had planted where their homes had once stood.

Mad Song

(A provincial Southern air as sung by Senator Rankin and coterie)

Before I'd let a nigger vote,
Or match me place for place,
With my own hand I'd cut my throat
To spite that nigger's face.
I'd raise my hand in Holy Heil,
March with the Nazi knee to knee;
Niggers may be Americans,
But Hitler's white like me.

COUNTEE CULLEN.

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I saw more clearly now the importance of the debates in Parliament on housing. Here was an area itself as big as a small city which would have to be completely rebuilt. Would the new construction be planned modern buildings that London workers could live in with health and comfort—or would the jungle of slums grow back over the area? Communists, and labor and progressive forces generally, had made up their minds that there could be no return to the slums. That was one reason why so many people were disappointed at Churchill's speech the next evening; he devoted his attention, as far as housing was concerned, to denouncing as malicious critics those members of Parliament who had demanded action by the government. His speech left the impression that the government might delay indefinitely on the issue.

But in spite of the bombed sections London seemed a cheerful city. The people were gay and friendly, the streets filled with men and women in the uniforms of all the United Nations. Piccadilly at night was crowded with soldiers and sailors and their girls moving along in the inky blackness, bumping into each other and pushing and shouting and laughing. There were plenty of pubs, but all completely invisible. One located them by sound and smell more than by sight. Inside, one would find a bar at which only beer and wine were available, for hard drinks are few and far between in London. Probably as many American soldiers and sailors would be standing at the bar as English. One of the burdens English servicemen must suffer is that the Americans, who are better paid, can outbid them both in buying drinks and in entertaining the girls. It is rather pathetic to watch them over their few glasses of beer while the Americans pour down everything the bar has to offer.

"Home Front," by Philip Evergood.

FROM Piccadilly I descended into the tube and made my way back to my rooming house. In all the tube stations families were arranging themselves for the night on the platforms. They had brought blankets and bags of food, and they rolled themselves into the iron bunks which stood in tiers against the walls of the stations. London had appeared so peaceful that day it seemed incredible people should come down here to sleep in the bad air and the roar of the trains. I fell into conversation with an oldish man who told me he worked ten hours a day in a war plant, and was now on his way to sit up all night on the roof of St. Paul's as a fire guard; he explained that when a person had been bombed out once he was not likely to be disturbed by the noise the trains made.

I soon understood what he meant. I had barely got my damp bed in the garret warmed up before Jerry came over again. This time it was a different kettle of fish from the night before. Guns began firing all around, and I hopped out of bed as if I had been blasted out. When I opened my window I discovered that I had a ringside seat, if I wanted it, because the block of buildings immediately behind the hotel had been blown down in some previous raid. I glanced apprehensively at the roof of my garret, then put on my coat and pulled the chair up to the window. The whole sky of London spread in front of me. The searchlights probed back and forth across it, and after a moment I heard the motors of the Nazi planes overhead. I could not see them, but I could follow their path across the sky from the bursts of the anti-aircraft shells. Shrapnel pattered like hail on the roof. Flares floated down, lighting up the city for a few moments in their strange pulsating glow. During a pause in the barrage I heard an air raid warden, his heels clicking along the sidewalk to the tune he was whistling: "Pistol Packin' Mamma. . . ." The barrage drowned out the whistling, and when it let up again for an instant I heard the rumble of bombs bursting far in the distance. Relatively speaking this was a light raid, but I was thoroughly impressed, and I was glad when it was over.

In the morning my proprietor asked me casually had I heard the firing? I admitted that I had.

Saturday evening I went to a dance given for the Communist Party literature department. The floor was crowded and people were dancing everything from Kentucky mountain folk dances to the latest jitterbug number. Since I was American, I was supposed to know all about jitterbugging. Fortunately various soldiers and sailors present were much better informed on this matter than I, so I retired to the corner by the beer barrel and a discussion on the state of the world. I found tremendous enthusiasm on all sides for the victories of the Red Army, which at that point was sweeping across the Prut River into Rumania. The people I talked to expected the second front within a matter

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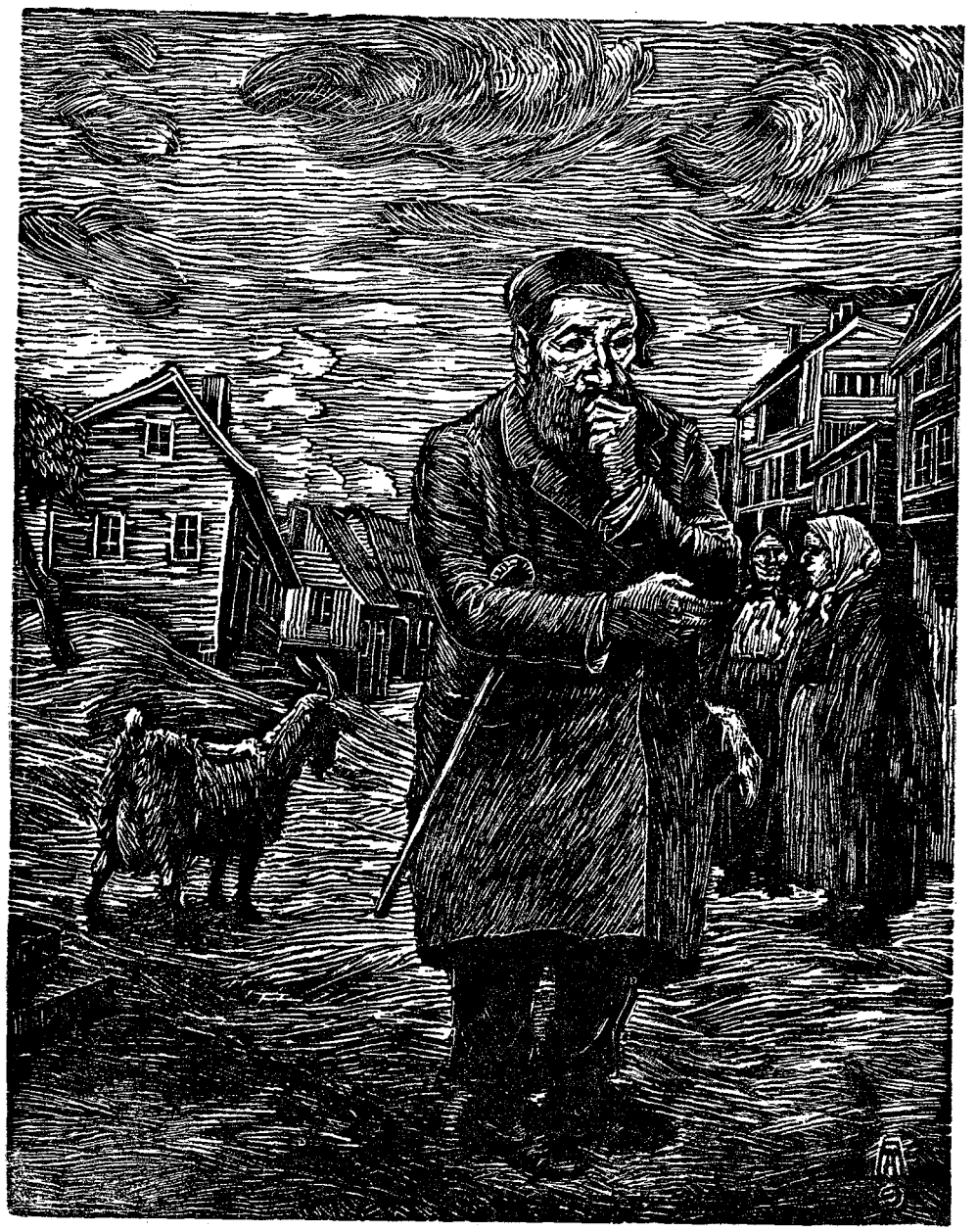

Courtesy Artists Associates

"The Polish Jew," by Albert Abramowitz.

of weeks—and I found this feeling shared by most of the English newspapers. No one believed the air attacks on western Europe would bring victory of themselves—but only that they were the prelude to the land offensive. During the evening I met a Communist now active in the British Party organization who had worked for years in America, and had taken part in some of the great American labor battles of the twenties. He knew at least three of my old friends in the Middle West, and I felt as if I had come home again.

When the dance broke up after midnight, the London tube had shut up business for the night. I was taken in hand by a couple who had a bed to spare, and we turned in after the inevitable nightcap of a cup of tea. I am afraid they piled all the blankets in the place on my bed; for Americans have the reputation of being accustomed to steam heated houses.

I stopped at the national Communist Party office and the London district office. In both I had long discussions about the American developments. People there were so eager to ask questions that I barely had time to get in my own questions about England. It occurred to us all that morning that there was an unfortunate skimpiness in the exchange of literature between the two countries. Before I came to London I had seen only two or three copies of the London *Daily Worker*, and many of the people I talked to had not seen the American *Daily* any oftener. For example, someone asked with anxiety if the new proposals meant the abandonment of basic education for socialism by the American Communists. I pointed out that exactly the opposite point had been made in articles and editorials of the *Daily Worker* and NEW MASSES. Some system for regular and fairly large-scale exchange of press and magazines definitely needs arranging.

IN GENERAL, however, the English Communists understood the meaning of the American policy—because basically they are doing the same thing themselves. In detail the American and British political scenes are very different. I, on my side, had no conception of how an English election takes place, or how Parliament functions. (One of the *Daily Worker* staff offered to take me to Parliament for a little education, but I had to leave before the chance came.)

They on their side found it unbelievable that men like Martin Dies or Burton Wheeler, who were elected to Congress in the name of the same party as President Roosevelt, could oppose everything the President stood for. In England the name of a party gives at least some indication of the policies the members are supposed to stand for. It is a perpetual mystery to the English how a Democratic Congressman from the solid South can out-Republican the Republicans themselves, and still be re-elected on a Democratic ticket. They find it unbelievable that a democracy can allow millions of its citizens to be disfranchised by the poll tax; or that a Congressman who opposes votes for soldiers can go home to his district without being torn limb from limb; or that great newspapers can openly aid the enemy and still retain readers and advertisers. England has often looked to America as a fountainhead of democracy—but such things as these could not happen in England. One of the English Communists said to me: "It's true the government released Mosley from prison; but at least he doesn't run our three biggest newspaper chains."

ENGLAND has her defeatists too. The smell of Munich has never been fumigated completely from the corridors of Parliament and Whitehall. But English defeatists are shy and retiring compared to the American variety. Facing them is the vast majority of the English population united in their determination that there shall be no return to the horror and degradation of the thirties. Something an English seaman said to me applies pretty generally to all the workers of Britain: "Seamen are putting everything they've got into this war and they're doing it because they want to see a decent Britain and a decent world after the war."

The English Communists realize that the problem is sharper in the United States because the defeatists and pro-fascists are stronger and better organized. I found the feeling very strong among them that one of the major centers of world crisis is now America. Even if they do not understand all the ins and outs of the American party system, they understand the importance of the coming election. They understand that in the next few years in America will be decided an issue of world importance comparable to the issue that was decided at Moscow and Stalingrad. They look to American labor and progressive forces, and particularly to the American Communists, to do the job that must be done.

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HITLER'S ORDERLIES ON TRIAL

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

"It will always remain one of the best jokes on democracy that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it."—Goebbels, quoted in the government's bill of particulars in the sedition case.

"TERROR AT THE PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT, IN THE FACTORY, THE MEETING HALL, AND ON THE OCCASION OF MASS DEMONSTRATIONS WILL BE SUCCESSFUL UNLESS OPPOSED BY EQUAL TERROR."—*Hitler, in "Mein Kampf," also quoted in the government's bill of particulars.*

"According to the Nazi conspirators and the defendants, the old techniques of street fighting and barricades, which were in existence at the time of the French Revolution, were outmoded. The new technique was to disintegrate and soften up the existing social structure, and then a strong organized minority, with the support of at least a section of the armed forces, simply took over . . . they told us that there was nothing that a democratic form of government could do about it."—From opening statement to the jury by the government.

THIS democratic government is doing something about it. The trial of twenty-nine accused seditionists is under way. The case came to trial in spite of negotiated peace advocates in the House and Senate who intervened in behalf of the accused, with subsequent stalling and delays on the part of the Department of Justice. In spite of every conceivable legal trick and delaying motion employed by defense lawyers, the jury at last was chosen. And in spite of brazen, concerted attempts by lawyers and defendants to prevent the prosecutor from addressing the jury and from introducing evidence, the machinery of the federal courts was maintained. But it was a close call. It was a display of Nazi gangster terrorism that the deputy marshals, called on to restore order repeatedly, quelled. Because Chief Justice Edward C. Eicher did not allow himself to be intimidated and panicked into declaring a mistrial, and because deputies kept cool and pushed lawyers down with only a token show of force, they were able to keep the trial going. But the defendants are not subdued, and they have not given up.

Prosecutor O. John Rogge told the jury that the defendants "were working together knowingly in the same Nazi conspiracy" and that "they kept on working together until the time that this indictment was filed." Now certain defense attorneys have been careful to tell the court they wanted to make their motions separately rather than joining in with other counsel because they did not want any "appearance" of working together. Others cleverly create the impression they cannot agree, and go to the trouble of complaining aloud that they wish they could have more "unity." Nevertheless, unmistakably the defendants are now conspiring with unflagging zeal.

They would crucify democracy, Rogge charged. Well, if impeding justice is a sample of crucifying democracy, they came pretty close to giving the jury an indication of what he meant.

LAWRENCE DENNIS, whom the government calls the Alfred Rosenberg of the movement to overthrow the government (by subtle means) and institute Nazism, had given the defendants a cue the day before the government opened its case. Dennis, who is acting as his own counsel, had introduced a motion—of course distributing copies to the press before court opened—asking a separate trial for himself and pleading insanity of three defendants. Judge Eicher had spent most of the day in listening to delaying motions. He told Dennis that he had considered the motion and was denying it in both its parts. Dennis, a big, erect man, handsome in a sinister way, stared ahead with his insolent, cold eyes and said he couldn't stand for that. The judge hadn't even described his motion correctly. "May I speak on the motion?" "No," said Judge Eicher, "the motion had no place in this court." But Dennis continued to speak. The judge pounded his gavel. Dennis, with the malicious grin of a satyr, continued to speak—to shout. "Mr. Marshal, will you seat Mr. Dennis?" the judge asked. A marshal approached, and he sat. But he continued from his seat, and then arose to look around the room, grin and say, "May I argue my motion now?" "Mr. Marshal, will you seat Mr. Dennis?" the court asked again. With a final leer around at his admiring co-defendants, having shown how it was done, Dennis seated himself.

This performance was repeated with variations the next day. The order of the court had been announced, the jury was in its seats—a middle class jury, with no Jews or Negroes—awaiting the government's opening statement. Attorney James J. Laughlin, who had been fined $150 for contempt of court, arose and said regretfully he wanted to object to some of the court's procedures on the previous day. Judge Eicher smilingly said he would hear him later, that now he wanted to hear from Mr. Rogge. Eight other defense attorneys were on their feet demanding to be heard. Repeatedly Judge Eicher, with a steely smile, said they would have a time set aside later for motions.

THE lawyers continued. "Mr. Rogge, proceed," the court said. Mr. Rogge did, shouting, but he couldn't be heard. "Mr. Marshal, will you restore order and cause all the defense attorneys to be seated?" the court ordered. "I object to the court having a marshal make me sit down," said Attorney Claude Thompson. But Charles Ward, a big, soft-spoken deputy, was not to be intimidated. He pushed, gently but firmly. Thompson sat. He arose. "I want the record to show that the marshal has physically put his hands on me," he said. And, on the strength of that, another demanded quickly that a juror be withdrawn and a mistrial declared. In another part of the courtroom another deputy was bearing down on a defense attorney who was shouting and waving his finger at him. The judge, his face motionless except for the occasional movement of his jaws (he is a dry chewer and it is an axiom in tobacco country that a dry chewer plays a good game of poker) gaveled away steadily for minutes at a time. It was deafening. He would keep on gaveling, his face a mask, until the attorneys shut up and sat down.

Rogge began, after another delay. The first interruption came at the end of the first paragraph. A chorus of shouted objections followed. Rogge suggested he be allowed to continue without interruptions and that counsel note and reserve objections until the end. There were shouts of "No, no!" from lawyers, and catcalls and boos from the accused—a rowdy outburst. Dennis grinned happily. The judge so ordered. "Can we have the understanding," said Laughlin, "that we will not be interrupted when we address the jury?" "That is right—unless by the court," said the judge. Shouts of "No, no, no, no!" greeted this ruling. One lawyer demanded then that the court exclude witnesses. Thereafter each lawyer in turn got up and joined in the demand. Before the court could rule, lawyers shouted to government witnesses to get up, and the defendant whom Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* describes as "Peppery Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn" arose and screamed. A man in uniform stood up and asked the court, "Do you want me to leave?" A defense lawyer pronounced, "Of course we want you to leave." They were apparently ready to take

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over the court. But Judge Eicher, his lean jaws chewing hard, said quietly, "The court's ruling is that the witnesses may remain."

ROGGE finally was allowed to continue. The defendants did their part in inciting disorders. When Rogge said that some of the defendants talked in terms of blood baths and one defendant had said that our pogroms in this country would make Hitler's look like a Sunday school picnic, William Dudley Pelley muttered, "Maybe they will." When Rogge charged that Robert Noble after Pearl Harbor said that the US hadn't been attacked because Hawaii wasn't the US, that Pearl Harbor was nothing to get excited about, Noble called out, "That's a damned lie." When Rogge finished, objections began. The judge repeatedly, and drily, said that lawyers would be given time for opening statements, but they went on, by the hour. J. Austin Latimer, a more respectable lawyer who has increasingly taken on the coloration of his fellow counsel, said he yielded to no man in love for his flag, the flag that Betsy Ross designed, for which his son was fighting under the hot suns of India. Applause swept the rear of the room dominated by defendant Elizabeth Dilling, her daughter, and sympathizers.

Strangely enough, Rogge's opening statement did not suffer from the interruptions, the hoarse cries and snarling outbursts of defendants, the mass chorus of lawyers' objections and the steady, deafening roar of the judge's gavel wielded for minutes at a time. If the jury could not concentrate on every word he said, certain points he pounded away on stood out with dramatic clarity against the background of a courtroom scene unparalleled for rowdyism. And when Rogge alluded to the Hitler putsch of 1923 which failed, certainly anyone present could find a logical parallel here. This was a putsch against the machinery of justice. Would it too fail?

The bold outlines of Rogge's statement were impressive. No piddling speech, no mealy-mouthed statement of the government's case, this. It dealt with the Nazi conspiracy throughout the world. It named such people as Rudolph Hess and Oswald Mosley, British fascist who was let out of prison to the accompaniment of strong public protests. The evidence would show that the defendants were working together with Nazi conspirators in other countries, to soften up the democracies, to cause sections of our armed forces to doubt the worth of fighting for our institutions, and with their help, establish Nazism.

How would this be done? By propaganda, by organization, by arrangement to share the spoils. By the same methods which were used successfully in the Weimar Republic. There the softening up had been so successful that the republic was defenseless. Hindenburg simply turned over the chancellorship to Hitler, to the man who was let out of prison after a year "by the short-sighted authorities who could not see in him any more than a crackpot." Rogge paused here for a moment, and the inference was obvious. Even outside the defeatist press too many stories of the trial have stressed alternately the lawyers' speeches, which pictured the defendants as victims, and incidents and motions which made some of them seem like mere crackpots. Rogge asked the jury to look at the tactics used in "the pre-revolutionary phase of a Nazi revolution." Of first importance was propaganda, "described by the conspirator Hitler as a frightful weapon in the hands of the expert." "Its only purpose was to confuse the masses and win them to one's cause." "According to the conspirator Hitler," said the prosecutor, "people had to learn to hate and hate and once again hate." Hitler's, and the defendants', way was "to organize hatred and despair with ice-cold calculation," with what to Hitler were "legal methods." (Prior to the sedition act of June 1940, which makes it illegal to cause insubordination and disloyalty among the armed forces, these twenty-nine men and women could have been brought to trial only if it could be proved they sought to overthrow the government by force and violence.)

HERE we come to the nub of the case politically. What were the "legal methods" those people used? They tried to create hatred of the Jews, and then, "in accordance with the tactic which Hitler had laid down of making different opponents appear as if they belonged in one category," sought to "label everything they opposed as 'Jewish,' and to identify this label with Communism." "Democracy was Jewish. International bankers were Jewish. Communists were Jewish. All Jews were Communists. By this process international bankers became Communists," said Rogge. Elsewhere Rogge pointed out they also spread prejudice against the Negroes and blamed the war on minority groups.

The second characteristic of the propaganda used by the Nazis and the defendants, he said, was "that of accusing someone else of doing what the Nazi conspirators and the defendants themselves were in fact doing." They "wanted to bring about a Nazi revolution." So, he continued, "To provide a smokescreen they accused the Communists of plotting such a revolution and under that smokescreen they hoped to accomplish their own revolution." This theme Rogge did not state only once, but came back to again and again. It is, actually, the central theme of the government's case.

Rogge, naturally, did not suggest or imply that the stock in trade of Nazi conspirators was improved vastly by efforts of the Dies committee and of his own chief, Attorney General Francis Biddle, in his proceedings against the CIO longshoremen's leader, Harry Bridges, and the Communist, William Schneiderman. Yet implicit in his words was the idea that persons who claim Communists seek to overthrow the government and are plotting revolution are palming off an untruth on the public, are simply aiding those who actually do want to overthrow the government and install a Nazi dictatorship.

"When the defendants prepared their underground army to take over the government they contended that they were doing it within the law because they called it a counter-revolutionary move. They argued that the Communists were going to take over the government," Rogge said in describing their organizing of storm troopers, whom they call Silver Shirts, White Knights, Socis, and so on. "Under the guise of protecting the country from a Communist revolution the defendants would take over the country and we should end up with a Nazi and fascist revolution."

ONE of their techniques was to pick out government officials with Jewish-sounding names and say they were Jews and Communists. The defendants "became bold enough" to refer to the President as a Jew and Gerald Winrod got out a pamphlet with charts of President Roosevelt's ancestry, and the caption, "Roosevelt's Jewish Ancestry," which were distributed in Germany and around the world through *Der Stuermer* and World Service as well as here.

A hint of some of the important testimony to come in the trial was Rogge's statement that the Bund was linked to the Ku Klux Klan and his naming of Gen. George Van Horn Moseley as the man whom the defendants at one time picked as their coming fuehrer. Although there is no evidence to show he worked with them after 1939, he was associated with George Deatherage, William Dudley Pelley, and James True after his retirement from the Army. "It does appear," said Rogge, "that General Moseley did have views which these defendants believed qualified him to be the leader of the movement. They believed that at a time when Moseley was an active general in the US Army."

Although no word has leaked out as to what the evidence will show other than what was outlined by Rogge, there is considerable speculation as to whether it will bring in the role of Charles Augustus Lindbergh. Lindbergh has been named by John L. Spivak in a recent expose in NEW MASSES as one of the leaders in secret meetings early in 1943 at which plans were made for a nationwide propaganda drive, coinciding with the opening of the second front in western Europe, to bring about a negotiated peace with Germany. Lindbergh has figured prominently as the leading hope of pro-fascist groups, eventually supplanting Moseley as their hero.

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FOCUS ON THE AFL

By J. K. MORTON

PRESIDENT GREEN of the AFL is, as everyone knows, dead set against united labor action in the political field. Confronted by the tidal wave of growing CIO-AFL political collaboration, Green issued his notorious "cease and desist" order to local and state bodies of the AFL. The discomfiture suffered by Green over this order in recent days is surpassed only by his experiences with the so-called "non-partisan" endorsements of Nye, Day and Dies. Both actions proved about as welcome to the AFL membership as a jitterbug on a painter's scaffold. Green's thinking on the matter is expressed in a letter to an AFL official in Louisiana, which states in part:

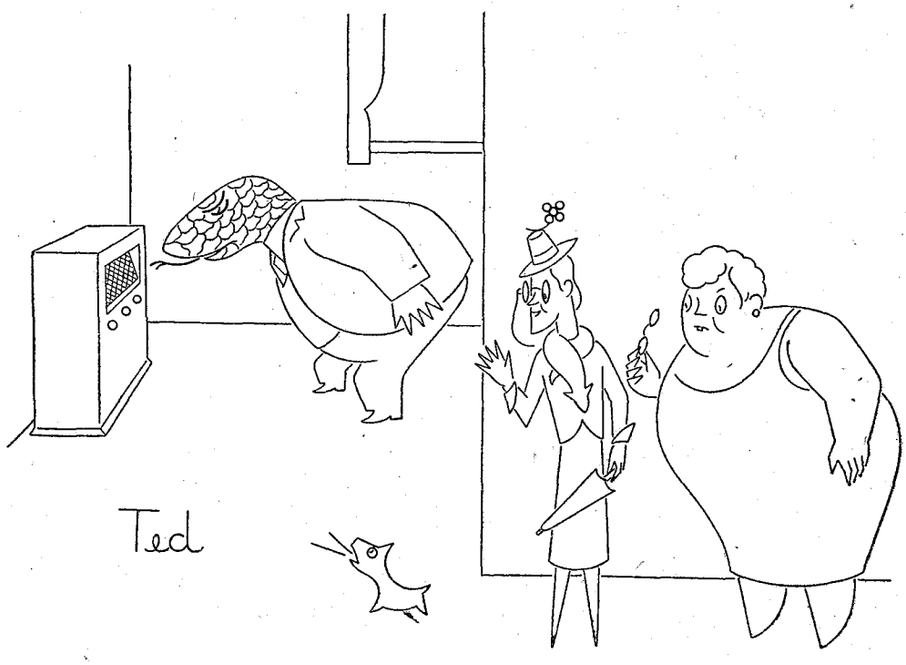
"The so-called committees set up in different places composed of representatives of the CIO, AFL and other independent organizations, loudly assert that such action was necessary in order to promote unity and united action on the part of labor upon political and legislative matters.

"This position seems inconsistent because the CIO is a dual organization formed by those who withdrew from the American Federation of Labor and who destroyed unity within our labor movement. How can they expect to create unity when the CIO created division and disunity within the ranks of labor? The AFL cannot afford to join in a movement which apparently is designed by leaders of the CIO to give said leaders prestige and standing."

This statement raises three basic issues, namely—unity and united political action, responsibility for disunity within labor's ranks, and dual unionism. The most pressing and vital of these issues, that of united labor political action, Green evades completely. After all, is such united action necessary to enable the labor movement to make its contribution in the crucial 1944 elections and in the solution of the fateful problems of the war and postwar periods? The thunderous answer of countless AFL bodies is "Yes!" They have in many instances derived great benefits from such joint actions in local elections, in their state legislatures, in various governmental agencies. They have a very clear conception of united labor political action as one of the chief guarantees for the reelection of President Roosevelt in 1944, for a people's victory in the war and a people's peace. Green chooses to ignore these issues except for his stubborn rejection of labor's political unity. Once the fundamental question is posed, the narrow, short-sighted consideration of prestige appears completely out of place. But it goes without saying that rejection of united action, while impairing the vital interests of labor and the nation, cannot at all impair the prestige of the CIO. Green's own experience in the AFL furnishes proof that the opposite is the case, that prestige is lost precisely by the blind or conscious obstructors of united action.

Green's harmful position with regard to united political action is not simply a matter of formal, ossified thinking. It represents abject surrender to the policies of the Woll-Hutcheson reactionary Republican bloc in the AFL, aimed at the destruction of united labor political action and the defeat of President Roosevelt in 1944. Green's servility to the Woll-Hutcheson bloc is underscored by his participation in the so-called American Labor Conference on International Affairs, which includes certain officials of the CIO. The ALCIA can best be characterized as a center of intrigue against the Soviet Union, United Nations collaboration, the policies of Teheran and of President Roosevelt. It is a disruptive device manipulated by Woll and Dubinsky in conjunction with the Menshevik Abramovich and a motley crew of discredited refugee Social Democrats. It has been chosen by Green as the ground for voluntary collaboration with representatives of the CIO, unrestrained, in this instance, by any fears of boosting "the prestige and standing" of these CIO leaders. The question may well be asked, why collaboration in the ALCIA and rejection of collaboration in the field of political action? The answer obviously is that Green has not adhered to principle but to expediency in order to accommodate the wishes of the Woll-Hutcheson-Dubinsky bloc. The same may be said of the so-called policy of "non-partisan" endorsements resulting in the farcical whitewash of the nefarious trio of Nye, Dies and Day. The resounding repudiation of Martin Dies in his own district makes any further comment on the merits of these endorsements unnecessary. The defeat of Dies is a public repudiation of the fraudulent "non-partisan" yardstick, and forecasts its complete collapse.

For a sane, constructive approach to the question of labor cooperation in the AFL let us turn to Daniel Tobin, president of the powerful Teamsters International. Typical of Tobin's approach is the following quotation from the May issue of the *International Teamster:* "Labor is in danger of being seriously set back by its combined enemies, perhaps before, but certainly after the ending of the war. But if labor were solidified, unified, and using its energies and its intelligence and its combined efforts, politically and economically, against its enemies, it would undoubtedly survive and be stronger. . . . While labor is divided and while the leaders of labor lack the courage or the brains to tell their people when they are wrong to 'cease firing,' then the future of labor is in serious danger." Fortunately, Tobin's views unquestionably represent the trend and sentiments of the overwhelming majority in the AFL.



"Why, Toodles, that's only Colonel McCormick hissing at That Man in the White House."

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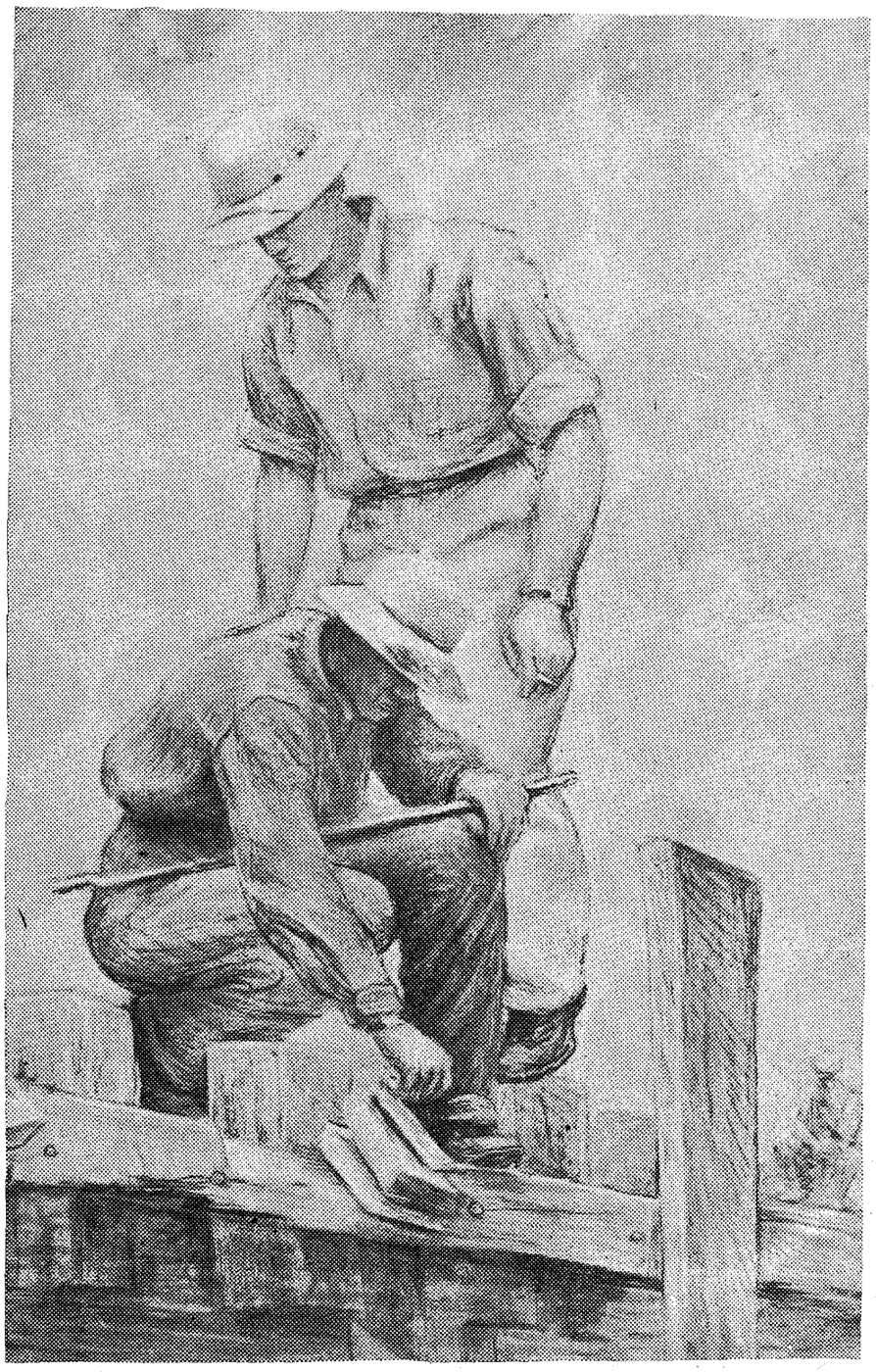

Courtesy Midtown Galleries

"Concrete Forms," by Minna Citron.

As for the issues of responsibility for disunity within labor's ranks and dual unionism mentioned in Green's letter—the first thing to be said is that labor can ill afford to quarrel over these questions in the face of momentous tasks which require maximum political unity of action.

Any attempt to clarify these issues, moreover, must be made not from the standpoint of fixing the "blame" but from the standpoint of achieving the kind of understanding necessary to advance unity.

The CIO is neither a "rival," "rebel" nor "dual" organization. It arose from the historic necessity of organizing the unorganized in the basic mass production industries along the only lines this could be done —industrial unionism. The real issue was never that of rebellion against the AFL. The issue was organization of the unorganized and industrial unionism. Organization of the unorganized into industrial unions took place outside of the AFL because the dominant top leadership in the executive council was unable, unwilling, and violently opposed to the successful solution of these historic tasks. Were it not for this intractable attitude there would have been no mass expulsions of those who were willing and able to do the job.

Had the stubborn short-sightedness of the executive council prevailed at that time, the mass production industries of steel, auto, rubber, etc., would have remained unorganized to this day. The tremendous contributions of the CIO to the war effort, to the nation and its political life, and the labor movement itself, would have been lost. The labor movement and the nation can be deeply grateful that this did not happen.

And because the CIO fulfilled an indispensable historic task, it cannot be regarded as a "dual" or "rival" movement. Bare figures repudiate the charges of dualism or rivalry as reiterated by Green. The CIO alone is twice as big as the AFL was in 1935, before the expulsions. The AFL is today more than twice as big as in 1935. The organized labor movement as a whole is about four times as big. Can there be any better proof of the historic justification and contributions of the CIO?

The proper historic evaluation of the CIO is essential to the future relations of the labor movement. A distorted, bigoted attitude is disruptive and fraught with grave danger. It is necessary only to refer to the dangerous views expressed at the Boston convention of the AFL to appreciate the urgency of clarity on this question. Influential leaders of the AFL proclaimed in Boston the perspective of the destruction of the CIO. This perspective is closely related to the expectation that after the war the unions in the mass production and war industries will collapse, and only the AFL unions as constituted before the war will survive. Such a perspective is defeatist and suicidal. It is hopelessly divorced from reality, from the perspective of postwar reconstruction, security and stability projected by Teheran. Destruction of such unions as comprise the CIO would, moreover, be unthinkable without the inevitable consequences of the destruction of the entire labor movement, the victory of fascism in the United States and the negation of Teheran.

THE fulfillment of labor's crucial responsibilities in the 1944 elections—in making its maximum contributions to victory and postwar reconstruction—rest in great measure upon the ability of the win-the-war forces in the AFL, led by Tobin, to defeat the ruinous, divisive policies of the Woll-Hutcheson-Dubinsky gang.

This question concerns the entire labor movement. It requires wholehearted cooperation on the part of the CIO with the Tobin forces in the AFL. It requires, within the CIO, the defeat and isolation of the pro-Lewis, Trotskyite, defeatist elements who form an integral part of the Woll-Hutcheson - Dubinsky - Lewis conspiracy against the war effort, the Teheran policies, the leadership of President Roosevelt and the cause of labor unity and progress.

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THE FUTURE OF EAST PRUSSIA

By an EAST PRUSSIAN

London (by mail).

THERE appears to be opposition in certain quarters to the suggestion that Poland's frontiers should be extended in the west and north at the expense of Germany. For example, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in *Reynolds News* (January 30, 1944) puts forward the view that the claims of the Union of Polish Patriots to parts of Eastern Germany cannot be backed by any socialist or democrat. His grounds are that the parts in question are almost solidly German. The problem of the East Prussian Junkers he dismisses by saying "out of every 1,000 landowners, only thirteen own more than 250 acres. The rest are smallholders." Similar ideas have been expressed in letters to the *Daily Telegraph*.

I happen to have been born and bred in East Prussia and can speak from my own knowledge and experience there. Perhaps I may be able to shed a little clearer light on this question.

Historically, East Prussia of the Teutonic Knights was a fief of the Polish kings and remained so till 1660. West Prussia and Poznan were integral parts of Poland till the end of the eighteenth century and were largely returned to her after the last war.

The Order of the Teutonic Knights was notorious for the brutality with which it carried out its policy of extermination or forcible Germanization of the peoples of these regions, mostly of Slav or Lithuanian origin. It is therefore of interest to note what degree of success this policy has had after 600 years, and to compare it with the speed of the opposite process in West Prussia and Poznan since the last war.

According to official German statistics of the year 1910, out of the total population (5.8 millions) of the three easternmost provinces—i.e., East Prussia, West Prussia, Poznan—nearly half were still Polish; and of these a considerable proportion could not speak a word of German. My school textbook, after asserting that "nearly four-fifths of the population of East Prussia are Germans," asks the significant question: "Which people inhabit the north-east, which the south of the province?" An ethnographic map in my historical school atlas provides the answer; Lithuanians and Poles respectively. The German population in these districts is in fact almost entirely confined to the towns, so that the Germans in East Prussia are mostly concentrated in the north-western third. To the non-German population should be added about 200,000 Masurs.

The corresponding claims for the other Eastern provinces were as follows: West Prussia two-thirds German, Poznan one-half, Silesia, further to the south, was claimed as three-quarters German. Thus East Prussia would appear to show the maximum Germanization. Eastern Pomerania, by the way, is also largely populated by a Slav people, the Cassubes. Not a very striking progress for 600 years!

THESE statistics and maps, compiled by the Kaiser's authorities, must, however be taken with a grain of salt. They reflect only the measure of the truth which could not even be concealed from us school children. We knew quite well that the women who brought fish, mushrooms and berries to our little market town in wooden tubs wrapped in gaily-colored linen cloth and slung over their shoulders, knew no German beyond the price of their wares. That was near the coast, in the most thoroughly Germanized part of East Prussia. We also knew how far we could venture beyond these parts on our holiday trips and be sure of finding someone to tell us the way in German. Such was the fear of the German masters for the hatred of the non-German population that parents would not let even the older children go beyond the western fringe of the Masurian lake district or northeast of the river Pregel. Whether or not that fear was justified, it certainly does not speak well for the "solidity" of the Germanization of the province.

One cannot get an adequate picture of the class relations in East Prussia (and very much the same applies to other parts of eastern Germany) by saying that the Junker class is, after all, numerically small.

It is necessary to analyze the size of the areas owned and controlled by the different classes of landowners.

East Prussia
DISTRIBUTION OF LAND (1925)

Size of estates in acres	*Total agricultural area covered*
1. Above 250	39.2 percent.
2. Between 50 and 250	33.5 "
3. Between 12.5 and 50	21.2 "
4. Less than 12.5	7.1 "

It will be seen that the first two classes between them own nearly three-quarters of the total agricultural area. They coincided roughly with the Junkers, the *Herren Rittergutsbesitzer* and the more bourgeois *Herren Gutsbesitzer*, the type of person who demanded of his workers to be addressed as *"gnaediger Herr"* in the third person plural *("wie der gnaedige Herr befehlen")*. All this land was in the hands of a few German families; to their wealth must be added the forest areas, altogether eighteen percent of the total land surface, and the fishing rights on the extensive lakes. They include the royal family of Hohenzollern and other German nobles with large possessions in other parts of Germany, as well as a few families of Polish origin, such as the Batockis, whose interests were, however, completely identified with their Prussian brothers in nobility.

The third class is the most numerous; but it would be fallacious to describe them as "smallholders." They are the *Herren Besitzer*, a subtle distinction indicating that the older and wealthier landowners considered them as upstarts and not socially on a par with them. They were content to be addressed by their workers in the third person singular *("wie der Herr befehlt")* and were not quite so *"gnaedig."* That did not prevent them from being politically stable allies of the reactionary Junkers and of treating their workers with the same brutality and contempt.

Shall we then find the "smallholders" at last in the fourth class? The smallness of total area is a pointer to the numerical insignificance of any such class. Assuming an average size of five acres per holding would mean less than 100,000 families. But, as a matter of fact, such small plots are only found in the neighborhood of the towns: they are cultivated as gardens and allotments by the town population and a considerable proportion are small estates belonging to innkeepers, mill-owners and other manufacturers, who farm them with hired labor as an accessory

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to their industrial enterprises. There is, in fact, no such thing as a peasant class in East Prussia, and a total absence of common lands. We had to learn from books what a peasant was; we could not form an idea of a peasant from what we saw at home. The agricultural population was strictly divided into owners and landless laborers.

This had disastrous consequences for the economic life of the province. Though well endowed by nature with a rich variety of agricultural soils, pastures, lakes, and a coast rich in fish and forests with many kinds of timber, it has always been disastrously underpopulated (the population density per square kilometer in 1910 was 56, compared with 120 for Germany as a whole; after the last war the figures were 60.9 and 129 respectively). It is reputed to be without any mineral wealth; but this merely reflects the fact that no scientific prospecting has ever been carried out. Industries and transport are undeveloped.

Little use is made of agricultural machinery; the landlords were more concerned with acquiring motor-cars for their private convenience than with bringing their machinery up to date. My town housed what I believe to be the only factory for agricultural machines: it produced ploughs, harrows and a few threshing machines. Tractors and harvest combines were unknown. Land amelioration was carried out only on the very biggest estates, whose owners lived abroad for the most part of the year (except the hunting season) and cared little by what means it was done. Of the working population, fifty-six percent are agricultural laborers living in conditions of the most abject poverty.

The living conditions of the agricultural laborers almost defy description. Payment in kind except for a small sum in cash was common. Cottages are almost exclusively tied. I have spent many week-ends for years in one such cottage, typical of thousands. It was symmetrically built round a central chimney and meant to accommodate two families. Each family had one kitchen-living room, no more than twelve by fifteen feet, and a tiny back room just big enough to squeeze in one bed. There were earthen floors, rough whitewashed walls, one small window and a ceiling so low that I could touch its beams. Water had to be fetched from the farm 200 yards away or from a brook in the wood a little nearer. Firewood had also to be collected from the wood, by "kind permission" of the landowner. There was a tiny patch of garden. In such a confined space, in such unsanitary conditions, every landworker in East Prussia had to bring up his family, no matter how large. I have never seen any substantially bigger or better cottages anywhere in East Prussia, though there might be brick floors and the water might be a little handier. Never, of course, any convenience, such as gas or electricity.

In stark contrast to the life of the working people stands the corruptness of the wealthier classes. The Junkers themselves are perhaps sufficiently notorious; but more should be known about the supposed "smallholders," the *Besitzers* of varying rank both in the countryside and the smaller towns, to prevent too many sentimental tears being shed about them in certain quarters here. For it is precisely this section which provided the recruits for the Nazi Party and its armed gangs. Here the Nazis did not have much work to do in corrupting morals. Brutal, unscrupulous and ignorant, they were the born Nazis. The total absence of any facilities for cultural recreation throughout the East Prussian countryside as well as the smaller towns, provided the atmosphere of mental stagnation to which even the few intellectuals condemned to live there (teachers, doctors, lawyers, etc.) soon inevitably succumbed. Drink and cards were the only recreation in which this society indulged.

In the intervals they beat their own wives and seduced each other's. They did not even have a vestige of religious feelings to prevent this depravity from taking on more and more alarming proportions in the measure in which the economic situation of the province deteriorated in the years after the last war. Many were quite frank in their admission that they had no religious beliefs; however, being totally ignorant, they observed the Christian holidays from superstitious fear and to maintain a respectable facade. Besides, they were firmly convinced that the lower classes needed religious education "to keep them in their places." People with tenderer moral consciences whom fate threw into this company usually ended up in suicide. In case anyone thinks this too horrible to be true: I can corroborate every word of it by the life-stories of the individuals in my own town and its surroundings. It is a very ordinary and typical East Prussian town, founded by the Order of the Teutonic Knights.

The reasons for this seemingly extraordinary state of affairs are not so far to seek. The Germans in East Prussia are foreign intruders, colonists without any tradition bar those of conquest and plunder. As a class of owners they have never (unlike the indigenous bourgeoisie in other countries) contributed anything of lasting value to world culture. The only East Prussian of genius who has achieved world fame, Immanuel Kant, did not come from the *Herren* class: he was the tenth child of a poor Koenigsberg cobbler. The *Herren* never had any other interest in life except to cling with might and main to their possessions and privileges. This common interest and the need to defend it against the indigeneous population as well as against their "own" workers, has welded them all, large and small, together into one ultra-reactionary class. Owing to their wealth they welded a political influence out of all proportion to their numbers. Because of the utter dependence of the laboring classes on their employers and the obvious lack of secrecy of the ballot in small communities it is farcical to speak of a democratic vote in the East Prussian countryside, whether under the Kaiser or the Republic. The standards of education were low, except in the bigger towns; the industrial working-class was small in size and influence; owing to the prevalence of small-scale industry (the average number of employes per factory in about 1925 was 4.5) trade unionism was little developed. Hence the province was the traditional stronghold of reactionary Prussianism. In the decisive elections of 1925 which returned the arch-Junker Hindenburg to the presidency, this pacemaker for Hitler received a clear two-thirds majority in East Prussia. This result was rivalled only in Pomerania; the average poll for the Reich was forty-eight percent.

THE world economic crisis of 1929 onwards hit East Prussia worse than any other part of Germany. In 1931 I returned to my little home town for a brief visit. It is a town with barely 6,000 inhabitants, its main street less than half a mile long. I saw the friends of my youth standing in a procession, four abreast, winding round the spacious market square and extending into the side streets—a demonstration of unemployed.

That economic tragedy is bound to be repeated unless East Prussia becomes incorporated in a wider national economy in which it can find its natural place and develop its economic resources. The alternatives are a reunion of East Prussia with the German Reich, a reversion to the position of 1914, when it participated in the economic life of Germany. This, however, is precisely the program with which Hitler invaded Poland in 1939. It is an alternative that is only conceivable as a result of an Axis victory.

The only other alternative for East Prussia *under existing conditions* that would give it full economic life would be union with a democratic Poland.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Birth of the CPA

As WE go to press the Communists are in full convention—perhaps the most momentous of their rich twenty-five year history. Although ten thousand of them are in military service, the Party announced a gain of more than 24,000 new members in the past three months—an increase of about a third. Meeting on the eve of the war's climax—the invasion of Fortress Europa—the delegates came with a prepared "line of march"—a program that was predetermined by the "unanimous decisions of more than a score of state and regional conventions which have elected the delegates to the national gathering," as Earl Browder pointed out. This program—foreshadowed at a meeting of its national committee several months ago—seeks to weld unshatterable national unity behind the war and postwar policies of President Roosevelt. The spirit of the convention is symbolized by the picture that dominates the platform of the meeting hall—a great photograph of the architects of Teheran—Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin.

The Party, at this writing, has been dissolved, and the delegates have unanimously decided to reorganize as the Communist Political Association. The decision was made to enhance the tempo of creating the imperative bonds of national unity. As Mr. Browder wrote recently, "all aims of partisan advancement" have been renounced by the Communists, who will therefore form a new non-party organization "through which to make their contribution to the common cause of the progressive majority of the American people." The Association will, as a group, participate in the nation's political life through the "established party organizations, as a part of that great body of independent voters who choose candidates and issues on their merits without regard to party label, without endorsing any party as such."

Joseph North, editor-in-chief of NEW MASSES, who is covering the convention, will comment on it at some length next week, and in subsequent issues of the magazine.

We can, at this moment, remark that the convention establishes a high point in the Party's life—and though it closes a quarter century of heroic endeavor as a people's vanguard, it begins a new and even greater era, one in which it will undoubtedly play an even more prominent part in the achievement of that necessary national unity to ensure victory in the war and in the peace.

It will be one of those factors which will give the people what they yearn for most—a warless world.

Calamity Welles

MR. SUMNER WELLES, for all the good intentions he expressed in his speech last week, is conjuring up the threat of a new power colossus in an alarm that is certain to hurt more than help the advance towards a unified world. His are the words of a Calamity Jane when he insists that close alliance of the leading powers will thwart the interests and sovereignty of small nations unless a world council is formed immediately. If Mr. Welles is speaking of the need for elaborating the broad principles laid down at Moscow for an international organization, that is all to the good. There is room for such discussions and no one will claim that the last word has been spoken on this problem. But that is quite another matter from creating fears over a so-called tri-power dictatorship which looms large in Mr. Welles' mind. The core of the issue is that no world organization is imaginable without the entrenchment of the leading Allied coalition, and to pose that array of power as against the rights of small nations is to misunderstand and misjudge what the war is all about. The military success of the three powers is the guarantee that the small nations will have their independence, and without that success their presence now on any world council is an empty gesture.

To be sure, the leading coalition represents vast power, but it is power wielded against Hitlerism and therefore in the interests of all the United Nations. Except for one or two governments among the United Nations, notably the Polish and Yugoslav governments-in-exile, the others have accepted the leadership of London, Washington, and Moscow. There is in addition a large portfolio of agreements between the major and minor countries which reaffirm the prerogatives of the latter. More can be done and more will be done, but nothing is possible of achievement in the way of grand councils or international planning if they are not built on the rock of tri-power unity. The wretched history of the League of Nations is ample evidence that without that solidarity all alliances crumble before their counterparts. Teheran is the anchor for any future system of collective security; other devices, whether they come from former diplomats or backroom political architects, are rife with tragedy for every country large or small.

IN THE exchange of views between Eugene A. Cox and Earl Browder in our last issue on the implications of the Teheran accord, an editor's note was inadvertently omitted. The note explained that Mr. Cox is a prominent attorney in Lewiston, Idaho, a member of the firm of Cox, Ware, and Stellmon.

The GI Bill

SMASHING the Gustav Line, difficult as that was, seems to have been an easier job than cracking the Rankin Line in the House of Representatives. Having knifed the men and women of the armed forces on the question of their right to vote, Mississippi's one-man Wehrmacht has in recent weeks been devoting himself to knifing them in regard to the postwar program of federal aid for returning veterans embodied in the GI Bill of Rights. Last week the House, at long last, passed the bill, but only after Rankin and his Republican allies had succeeded in mutilating it in committee and beating down most attempts to improve it on the floor. The vote by which the measure passed, 387 to 0, reflects the strength of the popular desire to provide for the veterans, rather than approval of the Rankin emasculation of the program originally sponsored by the American Legion. Those Congressmen who genuinely want to keep faith with the men and women who are risking their lives for all of us are hoping that the differences between the Senate and House GI bills can be ironed out in a way that more nearly approximates the excellent Senate version.

The Senate bill, for example, provides unemployment compensation for fifty-two weeks at the rate of fifteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a week, according to dependents; the Rankin bill limits compensation to twenty-six weeks and the amount is a flat twenty dollars weekly for both single and married men. The Senate bill provides for loans up to $1,000 for the purchase of homes, farms, and business properties, the loans being made by the government, with no interest the first year and three percent thereafter; while the Rankin-GOP axis set the maximum loan at

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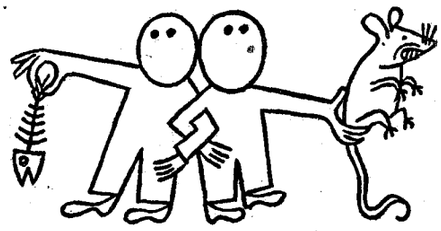
$1,500 and this figure was raised to $2,500 on the floor, the loans would be made by commercial institutions with no limit on interest rates. On one point the House did force Rankin to yield: he wanted to restrict the postwar educational program, providing tuition fees up to $500 a year, to those vets whose education had been interrupted by the war. This was amended to make it open to all veterans who were not over twenty-four years of age at the time of their induction.

One of the worst features of the Rankin bill is a provision that bars unemployment benefits to veterans who participate in a strike or are members of a union or group that participates in or is interested in a strike. Efforts of Representatives Vito Marcantonio and Howard McMurray to eliminate this provision failed. However, a fight led by these two Congressmen together with Representatives Michael J. Bradley and John J. Cochran did kill an amendment proposed by Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia which would have made it a criminal offense to sign up a veteran in a union under a closed or union shop.

Ain't Goin' There

Not everybody who talks about heaven is going there, the old Negro spiritual reminds us. The same is true of liberalism. A particularly clearcut case in point is the new "Liberal Party" organized in New York over the past weekend. In this crucial 1944 election all genuine liberals and progressives are uniting for common objectives: the renomination and reelection of President Roosevelt, the ousting of reactionary Congressmen of both parties and their replacement by win-the-war representatives of the people, the election of progressive state officials. That is why in Minnesota the Democratic and Farmer-Labor Parties recently merged to form the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party. That is why in New York the American Labor Party and throughout the nation the CIO Political Action Committee are waging an intensive "draft Roosevelt" campaign and are pursuing a policy of coalition with win-the-war Democrats, Republicans, and independents behind candidates of both parties who can be counted on to back up the Commander-in-Chief. That policy has already borne notable fruit in the Democratic primaries, as well as in the Republican contest for US Senator in Oregon.

The new "Liberal Party" has, however, been brought into being for a diametrically opposite purpose. It has been formed by the right-wingers who refused to unite and democratize the American Labor Party and who were overwhelmingly repudiated by the ALP voters. As Dean Alfange made clear in his keynote speech, these disrupters and Red-baiters conceive their new party as a rival of the Republican and Democratic Parties, both of which they describe



as completely reactionary, despite the fact that President Roosevelt and his supporters have the upper hand in the Democratic Party and despite the progressive trends in the GOP. And while formally endorsing President Roosevelt, Vice President Wallace and Senator Wagner, they intend to put up congressional and state candidates of their own—thus splitting the vote for pro-Roosevelt candidates — and will attempt to extend their divisive organization to other states.

In view of the character of the new party it is not surprising therefore that the opening paragraphs of its platform contain an attack on our British and Soviet allies, nor that it demonstrated the breadth of its appeal by bringing to the fore as one of its leaders such a professional anti-Sovieteer as Louis Fischer. And it is also not surprising that with the exception of David Dubinsky's privately owned and operated International Ladies Garment Workers Union, no substantial union, AFL or CIO, has any connection with the new outfit. This is in contrast to the American Labor Party, which has the practically unanimous support of the CIO, as well as many AFL unions, plus that of many distinguished liberals, including the editor and an associate editor of the *Nation*.

Cheers

It's three down on the Dies committee. Following the defeat of Rep. Joe Starnes and the forced retirement of the Texas fuehrer himself, a third committee reactionary, Rep. John M. Costello of California, has been turned out by the voters. He was beaten in the Democratic primary by Hal Styles, labor-backed radio commentator. United labor action was a key factor in Costello's defeat and in the victory of Roosevelt supporters in the Democratic primary in every one of the nine congressional districts in Los Angeles. US Sen. Sheridan Downey, an administration backer, easily won renomination for that office in the Democratic primary, while Lt. Gov. Frank Houser, an anti-FDR man, captured the Republican designation.

The ousting of Martin Dies and two of his chief accomplices in crime is one of the most significant developments of the 1944 campaign. Though the CIO Political Action Committee played an important part in this housecleaning, these victories would not have been possible had not businessmen, farmers (in the case of Dies and Starnes) and professional people joined hands with labor to express their disgust with the pro-Hitler and anti-Roosevelt antics of the Diesmen.

Of the two remaining Democrats on the Dies committee, Rep. Herman Eberharter of Pennsylvania, who has been renominated, is a leading progressive, and Rep. Wirt Courtney of Tennessee has a fair record and voted against continuing the Dies committee when the issue last came up in the House in February 1943. The three Republican members are diehard obstructionists who have been renominated in their party primaries. One of them, Rep. J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, has already moved to save the committee from extinction and has announced it ought to be made a permanent House body.

The downfall of Dies and his two aides points up the fact that the present Congress does not represent the sentiment of the people. This Congress renewed the life of the Dies committee and voted it funds by overwhelming majorities. The people are, however, taking matters into their own hands and canceling those disgraceful votes of confidence.

Anna Damon

The cause of civil liberties has not had a more valiant champion than Anna Damon, and her death, after a protracted illness, will be mourned by thousands whom she befriended when they were in need of legal assistance. As national secretary of the International Labor Defense she fought with inexhaustible vigor for the rights of minority groups and political prisoners. No task was ever too difficult. She provided drive and power, great organizational ability, and an untiring devotion to whatever needed to be done in protecting the interests of trade unionists, and especially of the Negro people. She was the spearhead of all those victorious campaigns for Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys. She helped rally hundreds of thousands in behalf of Earl Browder when he was imprisoned. She was among the leaders of that vast movement which pleaded for the freedom of Sacco and Vanzetti. She combed the legislative halls, watching measures which might circumscribe civil rights and many a tory Congressman had come to fear her wrath. If labor today enjoys greater freedom, it is deeply indebted to Anna Damon, who blazoned the way for many years.

The Polish Question

As we appraise them, reports that the Polish government in London is transforming itself in order to come to some agreement with the USSR are the products of overwrought imaginations. Pilsud-

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ski's political heirs are in the driver's seat with final power to decide whatever suits their interests—and friendship with the Soviet Union is not one of them. The Polish National Council, a rump parliament with purely advisory status, can recommend changes in the cabinet endlessly, but all these admonitions can be discarded by the kingpins in the government who are responsible to no one but "God and history." Last week's flurry of protest in the Council is the result of such blatant anti-Semitism practiced by General Sosnkowski in the Polish armed forces that it could no longer be blinked even by the most unseeing Council members. The fact is that the army leadership's treatment of Jewish soldiers in England and the Middle East has aroused widespread indignation. Many non-Poles who in the past were inclined to support the government or were indifferent have now become hostile, and the reaction of some of the so-called moderates in Polish affairs was to make every effort to keep the government from falling into greater disrepute.

While there are positive features in the Council's insistence that Sosnkowski's right to succeed to the presidency be eliminated, that in itself does not remove the anti-Semitism so integral to the thinking of key army commanders. Anti-Semitism is not an ugly wart on the body of the Polish government that can be excised by parliamentary surgery. That wart has consumed almost the whole body and its pathology is rooted in Polish reaction's persistent violation of minority rights. In the whole of the Council's discussions not one pivotal issue was raised about improving relations with the Soviet Union nor was any outcry made to remove the tories who dominate the conduct of the government. Premier Mikolajczyk in a press interview charged that the Red Army had executed Polish guerrillas trying to establish contact with it. This is all too reminiscent of the Katyn forest incident concocted by the Polish government to be given any credence whatsoever. Yet Mikolajczyk is reported to be among the "moderates." If he is, his accusation is a strange one indeed for a man who presumably is advising that his colleagues alter their behavior.

There can be no doubt that the onrush of events within Poland is forcing some people within official Polish quarters to reconsider ways of getting out of the mess which the Raczkiewicz "coalition" has created. But they have thus far remained obscure and their voices timid. They will have to break the bounds of their self-imposed restraint and speak out unequivocally before anyone can place confidence in their activity behind the scenes. The Polish-Soviet dispute will find its solution not through an insolvent government but through a unity of all those democratic Poles in Poland, the exiles in Britain, in the USSR, and the United States who have a future in mind for their country that is utterly alien to the Sosnkowski menage.

A Promise to France

ONE additional token of the maturing collaboration between Washington, London, and Moscow was the signing of agreements with the exiled governments of Norway, Belgium, and Holland on the control of civil affairs in those countries during the period of invasion. These are transactions to facilitate General Eisenhower's scouring western Europe of the Wehrmacht. For obvious geographical reasons, Moscow signed with Norway only, although the Soviet government was consulted before the other agreements were sealed.

This event is important and its importance would have been even greater had the agreements made by the USA and the British included the French Committee. It is on French soil that the supreme battle will rage, yet the Committee has so far not been recognized as a provisional government, which in reality it is. Mr. Hull's pronouncement early in April that the Committee would be given every opportunity to exercise leadership in the administration of civil affairs marked a considerable advance over the short-sighted attitude of the past. Now the question must again be asked whether that promise is satisfactory enough in view of the fact that the Committee by any definition is exercising all the prerogatives of a government and deserves treatment equal to that given Holland, Belgium, or Norway. The State Department has stated flatly that we shall have no truck with Vichy. Who else then is there to deal with, except the Committee? The French Underground has been incorporated into the French Army. French troops are whacking hell out of the Nazis in Italy. If we have confidence in the French commanders, why cannot we officially recognize the Committee to whom these commanders are ultimately responsible?

The Committee has broadened its membership, and its existence on French soil will be a guarantee against the outbreak of internecine warfare, because all French anti-fascists acknowledge its authority. It is hardly sufficient to inform Frenchmen that no AMG will be set up in France. That is the smallest commonsense promise the War Department can make. But it would be even better sense, as well as a farsighted political move, to give the Algiers government full diplomatic status and accord it all the rights of a full-fledged ally. That is the least that can be done in homage to a people who for four years have struggled against the Germans and who have designated (the testimony is overwhelming) the French Committee as their political trustee.

"The Communist Political Association . . . is shaped by the needs of the nation at war." (From the preamble of the Constitution of the CPA.)

The greatest need of our nation at war is the service of every active fighter against fascism. One of the best, Morris U. Schappes—a Communist—is still in prison. He must be freed now, so that he may help carry out the win-the-war program so essential to a speedy victory. Have you written or wired Governor Dewey, at Albany, N. Y., asking for Schappes' immediate pardon?

Solace to Sinarquism

THE New York *Times* has opened its editorial page to an outrageous piece of Axis propaganda. In the issue of May 19 appears a letter from a Catholic chaplain, Rev. Francis J. Heltshe, which attempts not only to whitewash Mexican Sinarquism of any taint of fascism, but has the effrontery to declare it to be "a frank and open and democratic movement." The letter claims that the movement has only one political aim: "to fight for repeal of the nation's anti-church laws." The letter of course attacks Mexico's and Latin America's outstanding labor leader Lombardo Toledano, for his exposure of Sinarquism and identifies him as a Communist, which he is not.

Sinarquism is nothing less than the principal organized channel of Hitlerism in Mexico and in those parts of the United States where Spanish-speaking people are concentrated. It is the counterpart of the Falange in other nations of Latin America. Like the latter it was originally inspired in Nazi Berlin, organized by proved agents of Hitler and Franco, for the express purpose of conducting fifth column work in this hemisphere. As in the case of all fifth columns, Sinarquism in Mexico attracted the support of native fascist-minded reactionaries, Trotskyites, and all the social riff-raff that runs to treachery. These are the elements that provide the leadership, financial support, and gangster machinery of the fifth column.

The National Sinarquist Union was founded in Mexico in 1937 by two active Spanish falangists, the Olivares brothers, who supported the original organizing brains of the movement, a Nazi engineer, Hellmuth Oskar Schreiter. Sinarquism is not now, nor has it ever been a Catholic organization. The Catholic issue has been brought in solely by the underhand strategy of the Sinarquists, in an effort to use the Catholic Church as a cloak for their fascist work. We have only to think of the

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Coughlinites in this country to understand the operation of the Sinarquist organization. Fortunately in Mexico the head of the Catholic Church, Archbishop Luis M. Martinez, has openly and frequently denounced Sinarquism for what it is. He has recently forbidden the clergy to give it material or moral support. In this position he gives welcome aid to President Camacho, to the Mexican trade unions and to the great majority of the Mexican people who stand solidly behind the United Nations and against Hitler and his agent Franco.

Felix Eboue

THE death of Felix Eboue, the distinguished Negro governor of French Equatorial Africa, is a shocking loss to the whole democratic community and to the cause of progress in the colonial world. It was he who rallied French Africa to the Free French at a time when that movement was minute and unsung. It was he perhaps more than any other single figure who brought Africans to the side of the United Nations against the opposition of the German agents. He helped modernize agricultural methods, advanced social services and installed new systems of highways and harbors. At the recent Brazzaville conference where new French colonial policies were designed, Governor Eboue's contributions were massive. He was the outstanding personality there and his proposals are landmarks in any program of progress for colonial peoples. He symbolized the talent of the African to govern himself, and his name and his worth will long be cherished.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

MEMO BEFORE D-DAY

THE present Italian campaign which started disappointingly, as President Roosevelt said the other day, has been developing as successfully as the given theater will permit. Cassino has fallen and this is a *succes d'estime* which must have made many an Allied soldier feel better. German strong points have been cracked. It was demonstrated that German "lines," whatever you call them—"Gustav," "Hitler," "Atlantic," or what not—*are not impregnable*. The famous "Hitler Line" has been shown to be so "flexible" that the cartographers of the New York *Times* had to move that "line" twice on their maps, finally calling it "Switch Line" instead of "Hitler Line." (On May 18 these cartographers had the "Hitler Line" running from Pontecorvo to Formia; on May 19, from Pontecorvo to Pica and Terracina; and on May 21 they simply labeled it "German Defense Line.")

Personally, I think that there is no "Hitler Line." There are a number of lines between the Liri and the Po—probably a score of them. One of the tougher ones will probably be encountered between Avezzano, Frosinone, and the Pontine Marshes, or about thirty-five to forty miles northwest of the present battle line. This line is probably the continuation of the defense line running from Avezzano via Popoli to Chieti and Pescara on the Adriatic. The campaign in Italy reminds me of a rat chase in a sewer pipe. You can't catch rats by running after them in a pipe. You must head them off. Thus the battle of Italy can become a battle of annihilation only if and when we land in the north of Italy. The annihilation of Axis troops in the process of our headlong advance—which is bound to be headlong because the terrain does not permit large scale maneuver—cannot be carried out on a scale anywhere near decisive because the "surface of friction" between the two forces is very small and cannot be enlarged. Thus, while we welcome the breaking of the Italian stalemate and hail the valorous Allied troops as they fight a tough battle, we shall have to wait for a real strategic maneuver in the Mediterranean theater before we share the conviction that the big attack in the South has started.

Across the Adriatic Marshal Tito has frustrated the German-Chetnik offensive in western Bosnia and has himself spread out to the west, to the line of Trieste in Ljubljana, and to the east into western Serbia, while keeping the main German-held line along the Zabreb-Belgrade railroad under constant attack. He has been receiving moderate and rather sporadic support from the Allied air force based in Italy as well as some support in troops for attacks on German held islands near the entrance to the port of Split.

Both theaters of the war in the Mediterranean Basin, viewed together, show that: (1) *whatever you call the German defenses in Italy, Allied troops are able to smash them* (and this has nothing to do with the strategic importance of the present action); *therefore they can smash other German defenses when the invasion comes;* (2) Marshal Tito's forces are able without appreciable support from any quarter to stymie German offensive attempts in Yugoslavia, and during this summer, when the Italian and the Soviet Rumanian campaigns start really rolling, will be able to provide a solid and reliable link between the future Allied fronts on the Danube (Soviet) and the Po (Anglo-American-French, etc.), forming the keystone of a continuous Allied arc from Petsamo to Genoa.

In the West political warfare had reached a new climax with "The Voice" of SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force) beaming instructions to the undergrounds of Europe. The fact that this voice is now giving *concrete* instructions to people who are going to risk their heads in carrying them out means that D-Day is not far off.

After a lull of almost a week, due to bad weather, the bombing of Europe has been resumed. On May 19, 750 Flying Fortresses escorted by 750 fighters attacked Berlin and Brunswick. They shot down 125 German fighters which the "rested" Luftwaffe sent up, themselves losing twenty-six bombers and nineteen fighters—a fair percentage of losses (for us). That same night the RAF attacked French railroad centers at Boulogne, Orleans, Le Mans, and Tours in great strength. Next day a force of 250 Allied bombers, escorted by 1,000 fighters (immense strength for fighter protection) stabbed at Reims and the Paris area, looking presumably for German troop concentrations—and trouble with the Luftwaffe. But the Luftwaffe kept at a safe distance.

The "bombing weather" has been almost uniformly excellent between April 17 and May 13. During that time some 85,000 Allied bombs were dropped (2,000 freight-cars'-worth). But then gales and rain set in and the Germans rushed 30,000 railroad workers to France to repair the damage. This was an unavoidable setback for us. Now the smashing of the railroads will probably have to be done over, at least in part.

DEVELOPMENTS in the Far Eastern theaters of the war have been important and numerous. Most important of all is the swift stab of the troops under Generals Stilwell and Merrill to Myitkyina, with Bowerman's Kachin levies advancing on that center from the north and Lentaigne's air borne Chindits threatening it from the south, and Marshal Wei Li Huang's Chinese troops advancing in the meantime

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west of the Salween toward Tengueh. Myitkyina can be expected to fall momentarily. Its airdrome has been in Allied hands for two days at this writing (May 21).

Thus the right-of-way of the new Burma Road is about to be cleared and Japan's northern base in Burma, Myitkyina will soon be ours. Of course, in order to secure this right-of-way from enemy attack it will be necessary to capture Mogaung, Bhamo, Indaw, Katha, and Lungling, which would form a protective arc of strongholds around the junction of the Lido and Burma Roads. To do this will necessitate advances of up to 100 miles south and southwest of Myitkyina.

Nothing of importance has happened during the week on either the Manipur or Arakan fronts. The Japanese made a stab on the latter front—in the general direction of Chittagong—but this appears to have been no more than a weak diversionary action. Thus it may now be said, on the eve of the monsoon season, that the Japanese have failed to stop Stilwell's march to open a door into China. They will now probably be forced to fall back for six months on their base in Mandalay and pull in their tentacles, which almost reached the Assam-Bengal railroad and the Brahmaputra, threatened Chittagong and delayed Stilwell in his march from Ledo to Myitkyina.

The Japanese continued, however, to make progress in Honan, although Chinese resistance there has stiffened appreciably. It is quite doubtful now that the enemy will be able to trap the large Chinese force around Loyang. The Japanese so far are not able to run the Peiping-Hankow railroad, which they captured in its entire length a few days ago, because the Chinese have counterattacked south of Chengchow (in the area of Sinyang) and have recaptured a sizable stretch of the line. However, the enemy has made threatening progress more than 100 miles west of Loyang—near the sharp elbow of the Yellow River—and further advances in the direction of Sian would create a very real threat to Chengtu and Chungking from the northeast. Because of the political situation in Shensi, the unity negotiations between the Communist government and the Kuomintang are of extreme importance. The road to Sian, Chengtu, and Chungking can be defended successfully only if Chungking finally decides that Japan is the one and only enemy of China. Military developments in China are hardly predictable now on the strength of military considerations alone. The political situation will play a crucial role in the outcome of China's great new crisis.

By a 125-mile amphibious jump along the northern coast of New Guinea, General MacArthur's troops have captured the Wakde Islands, which have an airdrome only 1,000 miles from the Philippines. The cost of the operation was very small, our losses being sixteen killed against 550 for the Japanese.

THE lull on the Soviet front continues after the spectacular capture of Sevastopol on May 10 and the final cleanup of the German 17th Army on the Chersonnese Peninsula two days later. However, the Red Army has improved its positions around Vitebsk, Stanislavov, and Tiraspol by local action, which may mean that it is "planting its feet into the ground" before the next big leap. The Soviet Air Force has systematically been blasting operational objectives from Kotka in Finland to the Carpathians, hitting key junctions and troop concentrations.

Tentacle from Berlin

ONE of the men who from the shadowy background directs the pro-Axis activities of the Argentine military regime is Fritz Mandl. He was formerly the owner of the Hirtenberger Waffenwerke, a big arms factory in Austria. Although Herr Mandl's modest title is that of "unofficial economic expert" his influence is great. He is one of the Nazi's trusted agents despite his decidedly non-Aryan origin, which never prevented him from making juicy business deals with Hitler and Hitler's allies. The factory at Hirtenberg was one of the most important sources of arms for all the reactionary and fascist movements in central Europe. Soon after the last war arms from Hirtenberg went to Hungary. All the Hungarian cutthroats from Hejjas (who is today commander of Regent Horthy's special bodyguard) to the Arrow-Cross fascists got part of their equipment from Fritz Mandl's plants. The ill-famed camp at Yanka Puszta, where Italian and German instructors taught Croatian and Macedonian fascists how to conduct sabotage and commit murder, was likewise supplied by the Hirtenberger Waffenwerke.

Mussolini armed the Austrian fascist *Heimatwehren* with the help of his friend Mandl. The first Nazi gauleiter of Austria, drunkard Leopold, was often a guest of Mandl's. Despite the fact that Mandl had given money to the Nazi movement and offered hide-outs to certain of the Nazi leaders during the period of their illegality before 1938, he was forced to leave Austria after its incorporation into Hitler's Reich. But the expulsion was evidently "well cushioned" by some secret agreements, for Herr Mandl was allowed to transfer abroad the better part of his fortune, and he maintains most cordial relations with the Nazi embassy at Buenos Aires.

Herr Mandl was also behind the scenes of the Bolivian fascist putsch. He has extensive "economic relations" with Bolivian reactionary industrialists and bankers. Peru, Chile, and Paraguay are other areas in which Mandl operates. His plan, as explained in a lecture delivered before Argentine professors and financiers, is to help organize a South American economic bloc sufficiently strong to be "independent from the pressure of foreign powers." This means, of course, organization of a reactionary bloc opposed to the United Nations and the Teheran policy. It might be interesting to note that Mandl considers food one of the most efficient weapons. Argentine meat and wheat together with other foodstuffs of the South American "bloc" would be extremely important in postwar Europe. The possession of large food stores—so goes Herr Mandl's thought—should enable the South American "bloc" to force political concessions from the United Nations and enable Argentina and her allies to form a sort of large hedgehog position for a new fascism in Europe and East Asia.

Mandl is not the only expert from Austria now engaged in fascist intrigues in Latin America. His old friend Prince Ruediger von Starhemberg, the one time commander-in-chief of the Austrian fascist *Heimwehren*, is with him. Starhemberg was for a long time the intermediary working for an understanding between Hitler and Mussolini. His row with the Nazis was a mere accident. After a short stay in England he went to South America to join Fritz Mandl. His activities have been veiled, but enough has filtered through to indicate that Starhemberg has been busy advising Argentine, Bolivian and other South American fascist leaders in the "art of organization of large semi-military organizations." He has also maintained unofficial relations with agents of Otto Hapsburg.

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READERS' FORUM

A Poet's Praise

TO NEW MASSES: I rarely write letters to magazines or journals, even when asked to do so, but I cannot resist sending in a few lines on Samuel Sillen's remarkable paper, "The Challenge of Change." It is truly brilliant and sound, and positively stimulating even to an old hand like mine. I have followed Sillen's career with steady interest and where I have disagreed with him at times (especially in the blind spot he has for certain American poets) I was always convinced that this fellow would grow and sooner or later achieve majority as a creative critic. And so I take off my hat to his latest performance: it is truly magnificent.

I *myself am engaged in the most ambitious* work of my whole career: a long and positive narrative in American verse on the union of every man today. I don't even find time to read or to write anything else but this long opus. But I was tempted by your second literary issue and started to glance at Sillen and couldn't stop. Now I'll have to stop this letter and go back to an old desk that has never gathered dust, so far as I know.

Universally yours,

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

New York City.

To the Anti-Sovieteers

The following communication is from Joachim Joesten, author of the recently published book, "What Russia Wants," and is in the form of an "Open Letter to Messrs. Louis Fischer, William Henry Chamberlin, Bertram D. Wolfe, et al."

GENTLEMEN of the Anti-Soviet Book Club: When I wrote *What Russia Wants*, I naturally expected criticism. No one who writes about Russia can hope to meet with approval only, even if he did a masterpiece, which I certainly do not pretend my book is. So I fully expected critical reviews—but at the same time fair ones.

I got such reviews, scores of them, in Washington, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, San Francisco, and in dozens of other cities. But not in New York. Here, books on Russia are not reviewed by ordinary critics with normal reactions and common sense. They fall, invariably, into the hands of your type—the so-called experts.

That you know Russia, I do not dispute. But when it comes to appraising Soviet foreign policy, its aims and its motives, you just can't see straight. Blinded by an unreasoning hatred of Stalin, you can see no good in anything Russia does, nor justice in anything Russia wants. If I had written a book sowing hatred and distrust of Russia at every turn, you would have extolled it as you do with all the works written by one of your own clique. But an honest attempt to tell the truth about Russia, to make the American people understand and esteem their most powerful ally, is more than you can stand.

So you call me an "apologist" of the Kremlin. You say that I give Stalin "the benefit of every doubt." It is characteristic of your like-mindedness and limitations that each of these phrases has been used by at least two of you.

Not that I mind very much what you say about me or my book. But I do mind the monopoly you exercise in New York, literary hub of the country. Your little clique of prejudiced and embittered "hangback boys" has cornered the reviewers' market in this city as effectively as any ring of traders or politicians ever did. You are the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*. You set the tone in the literary magazines. Whoever ventures to write about Russia must run the gauntlet of your vicious prejudices. It is time to speak out against a monopoly so unfair and so harmful to the public interest.

JOACHIM JOESTEN.

New York City.

Plea From Bengal

TO NEW MASSES: I am sure that your readers will be interested in the following letter which I received from the People's Relief Committee of Bengal (62 Bowbazar Street, Calcutta).

E. S.

DEAR FRIEND: Received your letter dated Dec. 25, 1943 and the bank draft of the amount of twenty-five dollars today.

It is really encouraging for us that the news of the distress of Bengal has reached so far and that people over there are actively behind the distressed people of Bengal. We thank you for the donation and we believe that this act will bring the people of India closer to the people of America.

In spite of all the official statements Bengal has not turned the corner, but rather has entered a new phase when epidemics have followed in the footsteps of the famine—that is malaria, cholera, smallpox, dysentery, dropsy, etc.

Our committee is now engaged in fighting the epidemics. Already it has been able to get almost all the doctors of Bengal to fight this calamity. Indeed if the epidemics cannot be fought successfully, the people of Bengal—rather, a race—will face total annihilation. We hope that we shall be able to tide over this misery and march along with the United Nations towards a world which will be good, peaceful, and free.

We are enclosing a formal receipt herewith.

Thanking you and hoping that we will get further cooperation, I am yours,

PRAKAS SANYAL.

Consumer Councils

TO NEW MASSES: Enclosed please find one dollar for your fund. I wish it might be more, but this year all my money is going to the New York City Consumer Council which is fighting such a swell fight against inflation, the farm bloc pigs and the Black Market. I wish you would give the NYCCC a line occasionally and let people know about it. The other day a letter came from Nome, Alaska, asking for its program. For a "war baby, the NYCCC is celebrating its first birthday; one might say it's speaking out loud."

I want especially to thank you for reprinting the article by Barrows Dunham. I've been having a running polemic with some soldiers on both sides of the world on the fate of the classics and this material was pure gold for my side. I can only wish that an article such as this might be reprinted in a small leaflet and distributed through all the colleges and universities. It would focus the thought of the student and the scholar on their role in this turbulent period of the Century of the Common Man. Good Luck.

JEANNETTE S. TURNER.

Long Island City, N. Y.

"Convention," by Raphael Soyer.

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SOUTHERN TRAGEDY

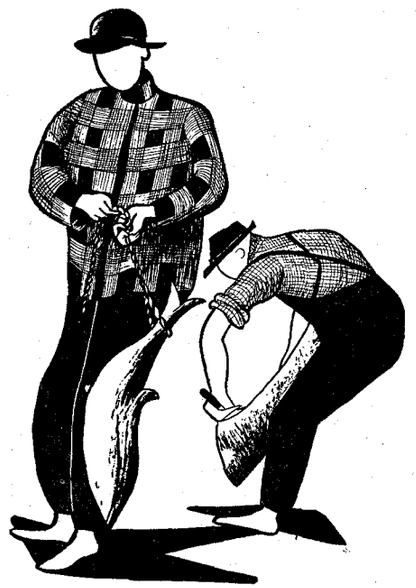
By MYRA PAGE

THE deep South has brought forth *Strange Fruit,* a novel unique in its portent for our literature and times. Its appearance has proved an event, its effect immediate. Passed over by book-of-the-month collectors, this work has climbed into the front rank of best sellers.

Never was a book better timed. Its publication marks one of those rare happy matings of a work of art with an historical moment. We live in a period pregnant with change, when outworn patterns of thought and action are giving way before the upsurge of new life, our whole nation's move forward: the serious artist reflects this reality as fully as he can. To the extent he succeeds, his art gives fresh impetus to these dynamics. *Strange Fruit* has proved a book of this magnitude, focusing countrywide attention on the gravest problem in human relations we must solve in our country and particularly in the South, that of the white and Negro peoples.

Lillian Smith, the author, brings a compelling insight to her study of a town in her native Georgia. We come to know and feel with the people who make up this community, both its white sections and Colored Town. I know of no novel which lays bare with so compassionate yet relentless a hand the senseless inhumanity of the South's caste system. The author shows how it takes hold in early youth to blight, distort and bring sorrow into the lives of both colored and white, destroying much that is fine and aspiring in those oppressing as well as in those oppressed. It is clear the writer feels segregation has done great harm and should go.

Strange Fruit develops with the inexorable logic of a Greek tragedy. Step by step Fate (caste) closes in, dooming the love of Tracy Deen, son of the town's leading white physician, and Nonnie Anderson, beautiful college-bred Negro girl. Theirs is no ordinary affair of mere passion but a love which developed naturally from their childhood friendship. From the time Nonnie was eight she has been fixed in her worship of Tracy, bringing out the best that is in him, giving him back his faith in himself. When Tracy returns from France after the first World War, freed for a time from his prejudices, he recognizes and feels pride in Nonnie as the woman he loves. Rapidly the old life sucks him in, he grows confused, torn within himself. He resorts to the ancient way of southern white men, tries to buy Nonnie off, find her a Negro father for their coming child, so Tracy can "settle down," marry the white girl his family has chosen for him. Nonnie's brother, Ed, who hates all the old South stands for, avenges his sister in the only way he knows. He shoots



Tracy, then escapes north. Barbaric revenge is taken for Tracy Deen's death: a white mob lynches Tracy's lifelong friend, the Deens' houseboy, Henry. The morning after the funeral and lynching we see the two Anderson girls, Nonnie and Bess, and with them Henry's sweetheart, Dessie, going to work as usual in the whitefolks' kitchens. Life (the author seems to be saying) on the surface goes on as before. Everything is the same—yet nothing. The one reality is change, long overdue, working its way up into the light.

THE story which Miss Smith has chosen to tell has unquestionable power and truth. In her choice and handling of her two leading characters, Tracy and Nonnie, she is not always as successful as she is with her other characters. The author no doubt chose two people she considered most typical of her region and period, the South of the early 1920's. Neither Tracy nor Nonnie is of the heroic type, they are not even strong characters. Tracy and Nonnie in fact are notably pliant, weaker than others in their families, letting people and events shape their lives almost without any struggle on their part. If the lovers had struggled more against their fate, at least with more inner rebellion and seeking, this would have heightened the dramatic quality of the story and brought out more fully its social theme.

Tracy is better drawn than Nonnie. He is well chosen for his part: a boy with many good points but lacking stamina. The only son of a comfortable family, he is both pampered and dominated by a mother who never understands him or Laura, her daughter, but bends both to her narrow will. Tracy, who thinks he'd like to do something with machinery, never finds a real vocation and grows restless, oppressed by a sense of failure, of being a disappointment to his parents. This, together with the shame his mother and family minister make him feel over his "sin," finally breaks him, moulds him in the familiar pattern of southern respectability. Warmhearted and friendly by nature, Tracy grows cynical, ill-tempered. With a mind that might have developed well, given any chance to use and train it, Tracy in fact is unable to think anything through, least of all his own problems. His will power is broken. Only with Nonnie does he find any sense of well-being and purpose in himself. *Strange Fruit* shows Tracy as surely a victim of a caste-ridden way of life as Nonnie or her brother, Ed. His is a personality torn asunder by contradictory ideas, emotional sets and experiences which the boy is never able to integrate; so Tracy commits spiritual violence on himself, begins to deteriorate before our eyes. If Tracy had lived we can see him at fifty: a hypocritical bigot.

Nonnie is a character merely sketched in, not fully drawn. We never come to know her. She remains inarticulate, a creature of mere feeling, without any clear thought processes or reasoning, as far as we are shown. This blurred picture is hardly what the author intended us to get. The problem is this: we never get inside Nonnie, feel or think with her, as we do other characters. At the book's close we see her apparently the same Nonnie as at its beginning, yet we know this can't be so. Tracy reacts vigorously to his experiences, so do Ed and Bess: Nonnie never does. This is hard to accept, since we are told Nonnie is a college-trained girl with un-

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Threat to Integrity

THE petty-minded small men continue to do all they can to stifle the distribution of *Strange Fruit*. Following the recent Boston ban, the US Post Office decided the novel was not fit for the mails, under the law barring obscene and lascivious books and advertisements concerning them—and less than a day later temporarily rescinded the action, pending the outcome of the Massachusetts Supreme Court decision. That body is now making up its mind whether Miss Smith's courageous novel is a dirty book, and at this point it is likely that any future action of the guardians of the mail will be determined by whether or not Boston, officially, can take anything stronger than the bees and flowers.

On the surface, that is. But one is tempted to wonder. Could it be the real reason is that Miss Smith's honest and forthright treatment of her theme, a living problem of our day, has angered those who would set themselves up as censors of progressive ideas? Day after day, while we are at war, openly subversive fascist and anti-Semitic publications—magazines and newspapers—are circulated through the mails. And when a law was proposed which would have put an end to this—the Lynch bill—it was openly opposed by the Post Office Department!

This should be a challenge to writers everywhere. They should be heard from—and in strong terms. For, as Samuel Sillen pointed out in a recent NM article on the Boston banning, this human and political bigotry is a threat to integrity and courage in literature. It menaces any sort of honest and realistic creative effort, and unless a halt is called immediately, it will have its repercussions again and again—in every field of art.

usual mind and capacities. The author makes extensive use of the stream-of-consciousness technique with her other characters, what is the significance of her general non-use of it with Nonnie? Does she mean to suggest by this that Nonnie simply refuses to think; that she lives for today, not daring to face tomorrow? We sense Nonnie as a defeated supine person, almost paralyzed by her terror of losing Tracy altogether. By accepting her stigma, not fighting for her full rights in her relation with Tracy, not taking him up on his tentative offer to find a common life for them in France, she commits mental and spiritual suicide equally with Tracy, and is on the verge of hysteria and complete breakdown as the book ends.

The final scene does not carry the conviction it might, probably because Nonnie is again a mere figure, viewed from the outside, almost an automaton, not a person we can follow in her thought and feeling.

If the author had shown Nonnie either as a girl who recognized what lay ahead and fought against it in whatever way she could, or who accepted it with stoical fortitude, Nonnie would come through as a person, take on a deeper significance, and an essential dignity. As it is, she lacks that grandeur and stature we have come to expect of the best tragedy.

NONNIE's sister Bess and brother Ed are convincing: they are intelligent, frustrated people who can't find the answers to their problems, with strong family loyalty that makes of Nonnie's tragedy their own. Tillie, Nonnie's mother, is a Rock of Ages, with a strength her children lean upon, long after her death. She is drawn with rare sympathy and detail. Sam Perry, another Rock, has aroused controversy, but I find him understandable in terms of the early 1920's, when there was little apparent in the South to give a man like Sam hope. Wise enough to know that no one man alone can defy or change the caste system, that it will take cooperation from both sides, Sam resolves to be fair minded and to serve his people as best he can, under provocative circumstances. Sam is a realist. Who can doubt that today Sam would find an active, joyful place in the growing ranks of Southern men and women of both peoples who are striving—through their unions, churches, and other people's organizations—toward a fairer, happier South? There is one time when Sam's Job-like patience gives way, and his powerful white friend, Tom Harris, rebukes him sharply, saying, "You can't expect 300 years to change in a minute." Sam answers, "For the Negro it has been a long minute."

Lillian Smith has been justly praised for her psychological penetration. Through various incidents which occur in the early childhood of her characters she shows how children are born free of prejudice and fear, with natural liking for other human beings and no sense of color. There is no sense of being "different," either superior or inferior—until their elders take them in hand, often literally beat it into them. Henry and Tracy are the best of friends, equals—until the day Henry "sasses back" at a little white girl and Henry's mother feels she has to "beat some sense into him" for his own safety. The boy's father warns her she may break her son—and here the author is speaking out of her many years' experience as a child psychologist. Everyone of us reared in the South, white or colored, can remember such a time, when our clear, free childhood friendships were blocked out by some older person teaching the unholy lessons of segregation.

Lillian Smith makes a real contribution in bringing these findings to public attention. But there is one caution to be observed. While early experiences condition our emotional attitudes, there is nothing final or fatally determining about these attitudes gained in early childhood. People can change. New experiences, new contacts with people, and fresh ideas gained through reading or shift in environment, can break down old sets, help new ones form. This war is bringing about many such changes in Southerners. *Strange Fruit* sometimes gives you the feeling that our childhood is all-determining. Psychology's findings show that our emotional attitudes are not only conditioned once but can be reconditioned; modified, reinforced, or even transformed into their opposites.

Lillian Smith comes from the same region which gave us that notorious distortion of history, *Gone With the Wind*. Although she springs from the same cultural and caste tradition, it is to Miss Smith's lasting honor that as an artist she has endeavored to free herself from it, not let this accident of birth blind her creative insight. Rather she has sought to extend her vision to embrace the full reality of the South in all its agony, complex human relations, waste and potentialities.

In her handling of poor whites, Miss Smith does not show the sympathetic insight she has for her other characters, both Negro and middle class white. It seems to me she does not know them. I lived for several months over a two-year period in Carolina mill villages—the same period of *Strange Fruit*—among unorganized millhands. True, they were prejudiced, superstitious, and fearful. But there were few who would condone, fewer still who'd take part in a lynching. They revealed the same warm human qualities and potentialities, along with their weaknesses, as Miss Smith finds in her Negro people. Miss Smith presents poor whites as spineless, complaining pawns.

It is symptomatic that *Strange Fruit* is a best seller not only in New York and San Francisco but in Atlanta, Richmond, Birmingham, and New Orleans. Let the cynics write this off as morbid curiosity. The source goes deeper than that. Southern men and women, both white and colored, are searching their minds and hearts as never before, and their actions, seeking ways to come together, find common meet-

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ing ground against an enemy both hate: fascism. As yet this is only a beginning: reactionary native fascist elements are strong in Dixie and working overtime. But the South is changing, beginning at last to think. The audience given *Strange Fruit* is another proof of this. For those of us born in the South, who love its earth and its people, hate its evil, and believe in its future, *Strange Fruit* must prove an experience: for all thoughtful Americans, a book for which we can be grateful. It stems from the best in our literature. In the South we have had too many who pen *So Red the Rose*, too few realistic, human novelists. Ellen Glasgow and T. S. Stribling represent a beginning: the Gastonia novels of the early thirties marked the first clear break with the old tradition and the beginning of a people's literature in the South: recent years have given us Elizabeth Page's *Howards of Virginia* and Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children*. With *Strange Fruit*, literature coming from the southern part of our country takes another step forward. The book is both a symptom and a promise.

Parable?

CHRONICLE OF DAWN, *by Ramon J. Sender. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

RAMON SENDER has written a parable, and this, he pretends, is how it came about. Among the Spanish Loyalists interned by the French he had a friend, a staff officer named Jose Garces who, after he learned that Madrid had fallen, spurned offers to effect his release and did nothing except talk and write about his childhood. To those who urged him to leave, he replied in substance: Since ours was a war of life and death, the vanquished must pay. I do not want to drag out my existence somewhere, at best a hero deceived by a corrupt generation. Few of us will survive until the next generation and it already may be contaminated, for to reach power it seems that first you must lose everything. Another cataclysm is coming, one which will reproduce our problems on a world scale, and from it the best will be reinstated in their own lost faith. However, while things are being readjusted, you will be attacked and destroyed by the liars. Speaking thus, Garces returned to talking and writing about his childhood until he died. What he supposedly wrote, Sender publishes as *Chronicle of Dawn*.

It tells of Jose Garces (Pepe) at ten and how he learned about heroes. He wrote poetry to his adoring Valentina, defied his illiberal father, and performed many outrageous acts of cruelty and vandalism. He is altogether a nasty brat of a child whose exploits make dull reading despite Sender's suave and polished prose.

The determining influence in Pepe's life occurred on a trip to the Castle of Sancho Garces, who had been King of Navarre. Here Pepe explored the caves beneath the mountain, listened to traditional stories of the castle and learned about its ordinances setting forth the condition of saints, heroes, and poets, the three classes of men who are the fortune and glory of the land. His mind awhirl with these ideas, Pepe went into the caves alone and became lost among the tombs. In a vision, hero, saint, and poet appeared to him, each in turn saying that he had been killed by Sancho Garces. Pepe fainted in terror. Rescued by a party of explorers led by his father, Pepe later asked why heroes are killed. His tutor replied that he would know when he understood the word *immolation*.

Soon after these events Pepe outraged his father and was sent to a religious school at Reus. He arrived there on the sixteenth centenary of Constantine the Great. That night the city was a blaze of lights concentrated on a cross bearing the words *In Hoc Signo Vinces*. Tremendously impressed, Pepe wrote to his tutor that he now understood the word *immolation*.

This parable based on medieval Christianity with its belief in abstract good and evil, and profound distrust of the people, boxes the compass of defeat and despair. At every point Sender kills hope and makes effort futile. Since in this conflict we can accomplish nothing except personal martyrdom and the substitution of one evil for another, there is, according to Sender, no reason to fight. The people of Spain, the Yugoslavs, the French, the Norwegians—all who have been overwhelmed by the fascists should not only accept defeat as inevitable, but should also collaborate. How else can the vanquished pay their fascist oppressors? But we are everywhere too busy fighting fascism to answer Sender and his kind. Let them find their answer in the invasion of Europe and the march of the United Nations to Berlin.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

The Making of a Traitor

TREASON, *by Robert Gessner. Scribner's. $2.75.*

ROBERT GESSNER has written a timely commentary on what makes a traitor. Through the medium of a novel based on the career of Benedict Arnold he portrays vividly the underlying motives, economic, political and social, that can make a supposed patriot betray his country.

Using the broad canvas of a nation in revolt against tyranny, Gessner paints a living picture of the conflicting forces which struggled for power. More than just an historical work, *Treason* makes a pointed comparison with current events. Through the medium of a tempestuous love affair between Matthew Clarkson, youthful aide to General Arnold, and Sally Cornell, rebel daughter of a Tory business man, the reader is given a detailed account of life during the crucial years of our country's struggle for freedom. Opening in New York City the day before its capture by the British, the book recreates the burning of the city by the Sons of Liberty led by Haym Salomon. From here the story moves rapidly, covering many of the Revolutionary War's outstanding events, including the Battle of Saratoga, the reoccupation of Philadelphia after the winter at Valley Forge and finally, the days of Arnold's attempt to deliver West Point to the enemy.

Gessner makes Arnold a believable person; a supreme egotist with no interest in the masses, a military talent without the understanding of the Revolution so necessary for real leadership. All through his career, despite some outstanding military triumphs, there runs a trail of lust for individual enrichment and glory finally leading to his disastrous bid for power.

Much of the factual material appeared in Carl Van Doren's *Secret History of the American Revolution* which Gessner seems to have followed, except for some minor changes in characters. But it is the author's treatment of Arnold's relations with the Tories, particularly in Philadelphia, that is so timely today. The selfish profiteers and speculators who looked upon the Revolution as a splendid opportunity for personal enrichment, and the lukewarm patriots who feared the rise of the common people as a threat to their plans for a government of the "elite," have their counterparts today. Gessner uses the Jewish patriot Haym Salomon to voice the aspirations of the people in several very effective sequences, and through his utterances the reader is impressed with the limitless strength that was our forebears', the courage and self-sacrificing determination that carried them to victory in the face of almost overwhelming odds.

LEE LAWSON.

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SONGS OF TITO'S PARTISANS

By A. L. Lloyd

AT WINTER'S end 1943, the first Serb Brigade of Marshal Tito marched over the high mountains of Montenegro. In front of them lay the Piva Plateau, a stark snowbound landscape littered with burned out houses. When one unit passed another in the valleys they flashed a clenched fist salute and called the regulation slogan "Death to Fascism," and the others replied: "Freedom to the People!" On the last stretch over the uplands they covered seventy-five miles in thirty-six hours. They caught the Germans unawares.

In the defiles Hitler's wonder boys, the young Alpine troops, sat down and took the Partisans' fire from ahead and on their flanks. They tried to pull out towards the Neretva River. They did not get far. The stuff came down like hail and most of them fell on their noses. A young writer in the German paper *Signal* has described the scene vividly. He has told how those who could still move dragged themselves under the snow ledges and lay there shivering with little chance of a getaway. And he has described how those who still had their senses when night came heard what their comrades in the Balkan fighting have learned to detest: the dull rhythmic *zoomp zoomp* of a plucked double bass coming over the defiles from where the Partisans were celebrating their victory round the pinewood fires. If any of the Germans had been near enough they might have seen the gypsies lay down their tommy guns, unsling their fiddles off their backs and take them out of their blanket wrappings. And if they had been in any condition to listen they would have heard one of those high, firm, Serbian voices singing above the slither of the violins. And if they had known the language they would have found that what they were hearing was such a song as:

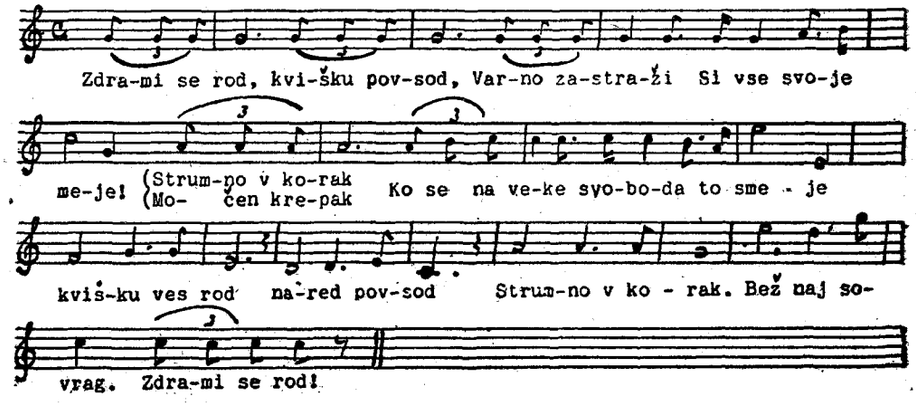
An old man sang in the forest
Where the boughs grow so thick.
He sang the sad heroic song
Of Belgrade in ashes:
"Our quiet lands are overrun
By hordes of the enemy.
Our fields are trampled by demons
And our sorrow is a river.
The fascists are foxes,
As cunning and harmful."
But a fox came from the thicket
And spoke to the singer:
"Old man, you have wronged
The forest foxes.
We were born to be harmful
But not like the fascists,
But not like the fascists."

An old man sang in the forest
Where the boughs grow so thick.
He sang the sad heroic song
Of Belgrade in ashes:
"Our quiet lands.are overrun
By the hordes of the enemy.
Our fields are trampled by demons
And our sorrow is a river.
The fascists are wolves
As cruel and savage."
But a wolf came from the thicket
And spoke to the singer:
"Old man you have wronged
The forest wolves.
We were born wild and cruel
But not like the fascists.
But not like the fascists."

An old man sang in the forest
Where the boughs grow so thick.
He sang the sad heroic song
Of Belgrade in ashes:
"Our quiet lands are overrun
By the hordes of the enemy.
Our fields are trampled by demons
And our sorrow is a river.
The fascists are wild pigs
As filthy and wicked."
But a pig came from the thicket
And spoke to the singer:
"Old man you have wronged us
The forest pigs.
We were born to be filthy
But not like the fascists,
But not like the fascists."

An old man sang in the forest
Where the boughs grow so thick.
He sang the sad heroic song
Of Belgrade in ashes:
"My comrades, fight the fascists,
My comrades, have no mercy.
They are more poisonous than reptiles,
More cruel than the beasts of the forest,
More cruel than the beasts of the forest."

Alter a single word of that song—the word "fascist," that is all—and it could be one of the ballads that were said to delight the men of the great Marko Kraljevic some six hundred years ago. True, the men who sat around in the firelight listening to this song might not at first sight look like the followers of Marko. Some are dressed in civilian clothes, some have a British battle-dress blouse, some wear German or Italian clothes. All have a forage cap bearing the red Partisan star, made in a Partisan factory behind the lines. All have a rifle or a sub-machine gun across their knees and a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition in bandoliers slung across their shoulders.

Their leader, Marshal Josip Broz—"Tito"—is one of the great legendary figures of our time and he is dressed like the rest of them, and at first glance you would not be able to pick him out, whereas by all accounts there was no mistaking Marko Kraljevic half a mile off, for many songs still current among the guerrillas in Yugoslavia describe him as he appeared at the back end of the fourteenth century; an enormous man, with his samur kalpak pulled low over his eyes, his huge black

Zdra-mi se rod, kvi-šku pov-sod, Var-no za-stra-ži Si vse svo-je
me-je! (Strum-po v ko-rak
(Mo- čen kre-pak
Ko se na ve-ke svo-bo-da to sme - je
kviš-ku ves rod na-red pov-sod
Strum-no v ko - rak. Bež naj so-
vrag. Zdra-mi se rod!

"People Awake."

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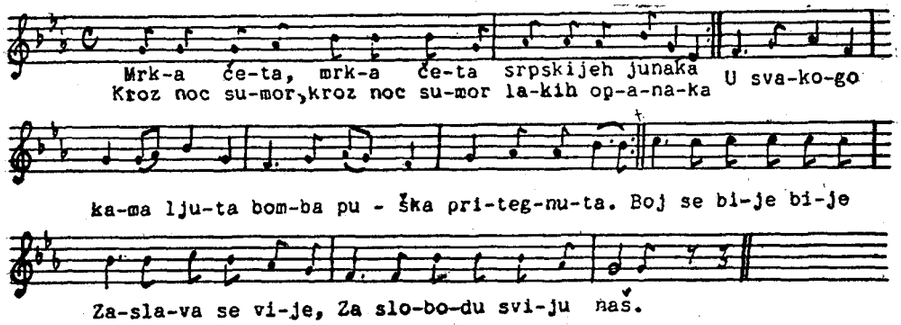

Mrk-a če-ta, mrk-a če-ta srpskijeh junaka U sva-ko-go
Kroz noc su-mor, kroz noc su-mor la-kih op-a-na-ka
ka-ma lju-ta bom-ba pu - ška pri-teg-nu-ta. Boj se bi-je bi-je
Za-sla-va se vi-je, Za slo-bo-du svi-ju nas.

Song of the Komitadji.

mustache as big as a six-months' lamb, his cloak as shaggy as a wolf pelt; at his belt a curved sword, on his back a spear, at his saddle bow a huge mace, with a well-filled wineskin to hold the balance in case the saddle should slip. Marko is the great Balkan hero and there are more songs about him than any other fighter in history.

THIS is the kind of song about Marko they still sing in the mountains of Montenegro and Herzegovina: Marko lies wounded; an eagle spreads its wing over him for shade and drips icy water from its beak over his face; the spirit of the mountains asks what good deed Marko had done; and the eagle answers:

"Sorrow, sorrow, all is sorrow.
How should he not have done me good?
Do you not remember when Kosovo was lost
And two emperors were slain,
And horses' blood was mingled with the earth,
And that of heroes stained their silken belts,
And horse and hero swam in blood,
Horse close to horse and hero to hero?
Then we eagles came on hungry wing,
Hungry and thirsty we flew
To eat our fill of human flesh
And gorge ourselves on human blood.
And my wings grew clogged and heavy.
The sun shone from the clear sky,
And I could fly no more.
All my companions winged away
And I remained upon the plain
Trampled on by horse and man.

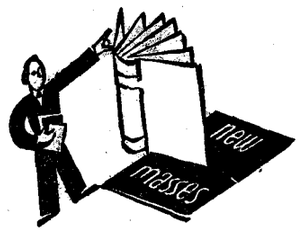
Then God brought Marko Kraljevic;
He lifted me from the sea of blood,
And on his saddle he lifted me.
He took me to the woods so green
And set me on a birch tree branch.
From heaven came a shower of rain
And washed my clogged and crumpled wings
So I could fly away once more
Fly up into the wooded mountains.
Therefore men speak of Prince Marko
As of a golden day in the whole year."

Marko really lived and he was killed at the battle of Rovine in 1394. Apart from that, just what he did and what sort of man he was we hardly know from history. But to this day Serbian folksongs present him as a fantastically brave and colorful figure and a terror to the Turkish invader, and to the common people of Yugoslavia he is the favorite hero, and the great guerrilla.

NOW in some parts of the world this might not be considered especially significant as far as musical culture goes. But in the Balkans it means much. Balkan folk music, especially Serbian and Greek, provides the perfect illustration of just how the plain facts of history, given favorable circumstances, can determine the shape and character of art. As a rule the songs of peasant people are not directly political. But the very bone and marrow of folk poetry and music in North Greece and Serbia is political.

The very first collection of Serbian folk songs was taken down from the lips of a guerrilla leader, and that is as it should be. The Partisan fighter who knew all the songs was Tesan Podrugovic, who had fled into Austria with a price on his head when Serbia fell to the Turks in 1813. Here the great Vuk Stefanovic Karadzic found him (he was wandering about the country selling dried reeds at the time) and began to take down his songs. Tesan knew over a hundred heroic ballads, but Vuk had only got twenty-two from him (of about two hundred and fifty lines each), when Podrugovic heard that fighting for liberation had broken out again and back he went to Serbia as fast as he could go.

The Serbian ballad singers are called *guslari*, because they used to sing to the *gusle*, the one-stringed fiddle; and strung together, the heroes' songs they sing make a pretty complete recital of nearly six hundred years of Serbian history since away back before the catastrophic defeat at Kosovo in 1380, all through the guerrilla



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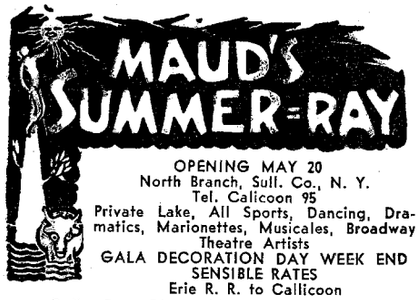

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fighting of the *haiduks* to the rebirth of Serbia at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and then by way of the Balkan wars, the Great War (with the terrible retreat through Albania), the assassination of King Alexander, the German invasion, right up to what we see now—the brave fight of the People's Army of Liberation.

Anything in history is folk song material in Serbia, and it is reported that one Serbian peasant who was a parliamentary deputy was able to recite in the decasyllabic lines characteristic of the commonest heroes' songs, the whole debate on the bill for introducing a new money system into Serbia.

Not that the history, as the folksongs have it, is always to be relied on—it is no surprise that Marko Kraljevic, who was killed in 1394, is made an ally of the cruel Vuk Brankovic who died nearly a hundred years later. In the ballads people drink coffee and smoke pipes centuries before they did in history, and guns are fired in all directions long before gunpowder was invented; and every now and then, talking horses, talking birds, archangels, even, get mixed up in the recital of events. It makes no difference. The history emerges, and a bitter, brutal, and savage history it is.

Sometimes the *junacke pesme* are called *haiduk* songs. When the medieval Serb empire was overthrown by the Turks, some Yugoslavs became collaborationists and took on Turkish habits and customs, but many would not put up with the tyranny of the Moslem oppressors and they took to the mountains, formed bands, ambushed Turks on the roads, raided the Turkish towns, stole Turkish arms and Turkish money and made the life of the occupationists a nightmare. These men were called *haiduks*. Sometimes they were just plain bandits and roughnecks. Sometimes they really defended the peasantry against the harsh foreign landlords, but always they fought against the occupationists, and it is they who kept up the spirit of the Yugoslav people and who finally took over the job of liberating Serbia at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The melodies of the *haiduk* songs are often very beautiful in a wild, rather oriental way; and if you want an insight into guerrilla psychology you have only to look at their words. What they express is fierce loyalty, fierce hate, extreme heroism, extreme cruelty. No doubt that is just what you would expect from a people living for generations in the mountains, always on the run from the authorities, always ready to swoop down and attack the invader and the collaborationist, waging endless warfare that sometimes flares up as a national struggle, sometimes dies down to a murderous feud.

THERE were always women fighting in the Serbian guerrilla bands—in some of Tito's brigades the number of women is said to run as high as twenty percent, but if you think much *For Whom the Bell Tolls* romance went on, you are much mistaken, at least to judge by what the songs tell us, for in the guerrilla ballads the fiercest expresison of love is, as a rule, the love of a sister for her brother. She swears by his head; and when he is dead only she and her mother are allowed to wear mourning; not even his wife is supposed to. One ballad tells how a sister was fastened to a pillar by the Turks. To save her brother she tore herself away so hard that she left her hair behind. Most of these songs are full of deep yearning, and, except for the more modern ones, of a wild despair; and looking at Serbian history, how could it be otherwise? Unlike the songs from Croatia which resemble Hungarian tunes, or from Slovenia, which resemble Austrian tunes, the Serbian songs are sung in a free rhapsodic style which is impossible to write down accurately, and which often—especially in Macedonia—seem to fall in a curious musical no-man's-land where Oriental and Western conventions come sharply together.

And now and then one comes across songs which sum up the outlaw life of the *haiduk* vividly, as in this melancholy song from Strumica:

Three years in prison
Four in the mountains,
Weary am I of life.

Neither father nor mother have I,
Nor brother, nor sister,
Weary am I of life.

That sort of song the *haiduk* sang when the struggle for national freedom was at a low ebb, and he had only his personal worries to brood over and the outlaw's life seemed to turn sour on him. But whenever resistance to the oppressors flared up again, the songs took on quite a different note. They became fierce and defiant again, like the song of guerrilla leader Babunski who led the South Serbian Partisans against Abdul Hamid in 1908:

Hear the Partisan bugle echo
On the mountains and over the plains
Rise, guerrillas, rise in might,
Give them no rest by day and night.

Or the stirring song of the Komitadji fighting against the Turks in Macedonia in 1912-1913 which describes the guerrilla fighters—Chetniks they were called by this time, and the name had not yet started to stink—creeping through the night in their soft sandals, with a bomb, a rifle, and a two-edged knife each; and the refrain says: "Fight on forever! Cease the struggle never! Fight for the freedom of us all!"

The guerrilla army that is fighting the Germans now is a very different matter from the shaggy romantic *junaki* of former times. Nowadays, the Yugoslav Partisan Army is a force of some thirty-six divisions, an army with tanks, large-caliber field

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guns, a few planes even. The outlaw psychology of the *haiduks* has entirely gone. The weapons have altered. So has the outlook. Nowadays there is a political officer to every company, and each Partisan knows just what he is fighting for and how he is to fight for it. Now the Partisans have discipline. Morale they always had. Despite the bitter hardships of their life, they probably sing more than any other army in the world (and that includes the Red Army). Sometimes they sing the old *junacke pesme*. Sometimes it is the new songs like "Oj Sloveni, jos ste zivi"—"Oh Slavs, you are still alive," or "Druze Tito, ljubicice bela"—"Comrade Tito, white violet, all the heroes march with you," or sometimes it will be the bitter marching song "Oj cetnici, italianske sluga"—"Oh Chetniks, servants of the Italians."

One of the favorite songs is "Zdrami se, rod"—"People, awake":

People awake, hear the earth shake
Under the tread of a free nation rising.
Forward we go. Our forces grow.
We shall accomplish the enemy's overthrow.
Hear the earth shake. People awake!
Forward we go. Drive out the foe.
People awake!

You may say you prefer the old wild colorful ones. But there is no mistaking what these Partisan songs are about. They are giving the world notice that the Yugoslav people is set on driving out the fascists and winning their freedom. And when they have won it, they are set on keeping it.

Films of the Week

OVER the years Hollywood has been making efforts at personalizing the various public and semi-public characters who flit over our city streets; the policeman, the fireman, the postman, the hospital interne, and such like. *Going My Way* at the Paramount, is a brilliant effort to do the same for the community priest.

At first glance it would seem that the humor and pathos with which the film is generously laced are achieved by setting a story about clerics in the mold of secular behavior, but actually its fine qualities are produced by treating the parish priests as regular fellows. Because of this, it provides a salutary relief from the Pat O'Brien school of padres, the sanctimonious boy scouts of the cloth, the compendia of manliness capable of no earthly wrong, the stern squad leaders of dogma. Like all true children of heaven, the Fathers of *Going My Way* are blessed with frailty, are capable of the pecadilloes and white lies that ease the friction between man and his daily trouble. When the Good Men have to raise a little scratch to meet the irreligious bills that pile up, they scheme and grunt

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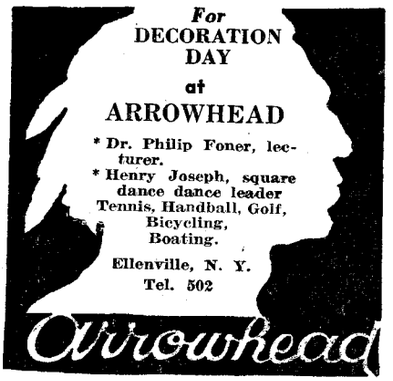

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like the rest of us. In fact, their behavior is so ingratiatingly detailed that the audience, composed of all the sects you will find in a large city, cheers the film heartily despite the minutiae of parochial business.

Given such a subject very few writers can resist the temptation to go sentimental, and the writers of *Going My Way*, Frank Butler, Frank Cavett, and director Leo McCarey, are not guilty of exceptionalism. Sometimes you have to lift your pants high to wade through the tear-soaked slush, but the warmth and restraint of the actors always make the situation palatable. Too, the natural behavior of the parish kids, and their treatment by the padres, gives the film a democratic patina. One of the choir boys is a Negro who slips into his place with all the naturalness in the world.

It is the actors, though, who bring the film off. Barry Fitzgerald does a masterly job of the aging Father Fitzgibbon. He is the actor to his fingertips, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he has been getting letters from pastors on official business. Bing Crosby is Father Chuck O'Malley, who plays a young priest with the same ease that characterizes all his chores.

THE Canadian Film Board is living up to its reputation as being one of the most enlightened among government film agencies. Its latest output consists of a group of documentaries that definitely illuminate the war effort for everybody. One deals with the recruitment of WAC's (*Proudest Girl in the World*) another with the courageous exploits of the Royal Canadian Air Corps (*Avengers Over Europe*) and a third with the operation of labor-management committees in Great Britain (*Partners in Production*). It is this last film that I would like to discuss in detail.

The subject is introduced by the commentator who points out that since we are defending democracy as the very antithesis of fascism, the greatest democracy will provide the greatest defense against the enemy. Consequently in the interests of efficiency alone, we must create a maximum democracy. Here is a brief for the democratic way of life stated in the simplest and most irrefutable terms. Applied in practical fashion to the problems of production, it means the freest and most effective labor-management cooperation.

As an earnest of the fact that words alone will not do the trick, *Partners in Production* illustrates the thoroughness with which the labor-management teamwork has been developed in Great Britain. It says, by implication, that we could do with a bit more of the same both here and in Canada.

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be over twenty-one, must have worked in the plant a minimum number of months, and must be an accredited member of the union. In many instances, each department has its own committee, and discusses its own special production problems. In that way, maximum efficiency for the whole plant is reached. *Partners in Production* demonstrates the existence of this idea in depth. From the top government agency to the lowliest local sub-committee there exists full vertical integration. An example of how the smaller and larger committees operate is furnished by reenacting a circumstance that arose in one of the collieries.

In a certain coal mine, about a hundred workers were threatened with lay-off. An "intrusion" had developed in the face of the mine, making it impossible to mine that area. Either the miners involved had to be fired, or transferred to other mines around the country, or room had to be made for them by the other miners. This was a particularly important issue because coal is the basis of all other industry in Britain, and the total production of the collieries affects general war production levels. The labor-management committee went to work. Management suggested that the problems could be solved if the workers gave up a yard and a half of their six yards of face to every worker affected by the intrusion. This was asking a lot of the British miner who had fought long and hard for his six yards of face. It meant his guarantee of a minimum pay, and the protection against being crowded by management in the working of the mine. It was tantamount to asking American labor to accept the no-strike pledge. Naturally the first impulse of labor was to turn it down. The matter was then placed before the district controller, a committee composed of a representative of the Ministry of Supply, and a trade unionist. If they could not solve, it, it would go to the National Production Advisory Council. The regional committee met with the colliery labor-management group and the matter was thrashed out again. The labor representative of the district impressed on the local leaders that the first need was to win the war, to maintain production, even if it meant temporarily dispensing with custom. The local committee agreed to bring it before the membership. The matter was fought out on the union floor in a manner that was a joy to behold. Every argument pro and con was aired, and by the time a vote was taken you know that only on the basis of the most democratic means was a decision reached.

Partners In Production is the kind of film that should be shown to all representatives of management and labor. It is an object lesson on how to achieve maximum results with maximum participation on both sides, not only for now, but for a long time to come.

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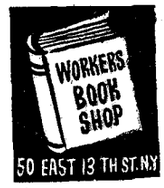

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